THE BOOKMAN

AMERICAN WOMEN AND THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE

By Mary Austin

IN writing of the intellectual life among American women, one has in mind, of course, something more inclusive than the life which is led by women who are called Intellectuals. Whatever that term has come to mean abroad, in the United States it stands for a small group of determinedly young and preponderately male persons, for the most part engaged in retrieving from the sum of human knowledge such facts as tend to show that we would all be much better off if society were quite other than it is. In the current periodicals where our American Intellectuals are actively in evidence, it is noticeable that there are few women's names, and none that stand out as convincingly, femininely original. So that if it were not for the two or three women novelists the quality of whose work is abundantly attested both at home and abroad, we might easily fall into the mistake that European observers are continually making about us, and conclude that the coruscation of a preturnatural surface aptitude is all there is of intellectuation among American women. That this is not the case any well-informed American would be quick to affirm, yet so completely is our intellectual life masked by the social process, that the protestant would be hard pushed to find instances to back up his affirmation.

Thirty years ago the question whether a particular young woman dedicated herself to the intellectual life or not, depended on the likelihood of her expensive preparation for it being, as our mothers phrased it, "thrown away on some man". In those days, before the problem of marriage *or* a career had been superseded by the perplexities of marriage *and* a career, freedom of decision for a particular young woman was a polite fiction, and brainy girls were distinguished from others by hair brushed straight back from the forehead and by the wearing of sensible shoes.

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That conventions of women collegians are no longer composed exclusively of women whose shirtwaists stick out as much in the back as the front, must be charged to that development of democracy which makes your means of justifying your existence in society identical with your method of maintaining yourself in it. What women have learned through the correlation of honors and incomes, is that high place is not so much a question of sex as it is of personality. So long as intellectual life for women was thought of as divorced from the rich personal endowment which has characterized the leaders of men's thinking—men like Emerson and William James—it had to be lived outside the hope of any such distinction as fell, as a matter of course, to such men. Among American women at least, our much derided commercialism will always be credited with having taught the gifted woman that her chance of preferment depends very largely upon her being indistinguishable in effect from the rest of womankind.

One does not mean to say that sex distinction in the intellectual field has wholly disappeared behind the crisp toilets and expensive grooming of successful women. But the extent to which women in America have mobilized their personal endowment as the background of achievement, is the first item that must be taken into account in any social estimate, and the item which leads to the most frequent mistake that is made about us.

During the late invasion of Englishmen of letters, one of them took occasion to remark in the course of an after-dinner speech that, of course, if he had had a "literary audience", he might have gone into his subject with an appropriate thoroughness. Later when it was made plain to him that most of the guests were women of achievement—in several cases of achievement superior to his own—he offered as his sole defense the tradition of frumpishness such as still attaches to the British Intellectual. It is quite possible that the tradition is libelous, but it is still the small change of comparison everywhere except in the United States.

But if intellectual women are no longer expected to resemble a class apart, there are still those who insist that in the matter of formal and institutionalized honors, they be treated as such. It is practically impossible for a woman who elects teaching as a profession to become president of a coeducational university, and almost as unlikely that she become the head of a department. No woman has attained to the highest places in our great foundations for scientific research. No women's names occur in connection with the administration of such institutions, though women have been notably successful in the administration of women's organizations. Some years ago, a search to discover why so few American women had distinguished themselves in science, revealed the fact that much of the work on which great names for men were founded was done by women assistants. There was a quite universal conviction among these women that place and opportunity for record-making personal investigation would not be accorded a woman.

As a feminist not wholly given over to the conviction of the innate superiority of women, I suspect that in institutional work, particularly when carried on under the direction of an eminent man, the individual equation counts for more than it should. The struggle among men for place and opportunity is very bitter. Women

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might too easily ascribe to sex prejudice what is largely professional jealousy. I am persuaded, too, that intellectual women frequently fail to take into account the effect of the tradition of sex subordination working from within. Always in the interest of a distinguished man, one finds them giving too much even while protesting that so much is taken.

In the arts (for any art followed sincerely must be reckoned among intellectual pursuits), or in any field in which woman works from her own initiative by direct appeal to the general public, she is quite as sure as man of public recognition; quite as sure, when the quality of her work exceeds the public capacity, of an equal measure of neglect. Mrs. Fiske, Margaret Anglin, Mary Shaw, Ruth St. Denis, and Isadora Duncan are illustrations in point. Jane Addams, though her popularity has been dimmed by the cloudy emotionalism of the war period, can never have claimed that it was for a moment obscured by sex prejudice. There is not the slightest disposition to withhold from Alice Fletcher the place to which she is entitled in ethnological research, and among creative writers no name glitters with so clear a light of intellectual illumination as Edith Wharton's.

II

Happily though we may conclude that in America, when a woman goes into intellectual life as a man goes—backing up a special gift with the whole of her personal endowment—she may expect the same return in money and honor that a man expects, we cannot overlook the fact that a comparatively small number of women find their complete expression in specialization. At once more personal and more social than men, great numbers of American women are living lives of acute and highly energized intellectuation in fields of which there is as yet no formal or institutionalized recognition. Women themselves are only just beginning to understand the unprecedented movement of the twentieth century to admit that matters which have been immemorially thought of as women's concern—food, housing, hygiene, eugenics, marriage, the whole paraphernalia of personal living—can be the object of scholarly research and the point of application for scientific truth.

Right here is the point of departure for much in our western culture that is inexplicable to the European understanding. It throws a backward light on the failure of women in the past to register high achievement in impersonal fields like mathematics and philosophy. Not incapacity but indifference has ruled the woman's choice, and the scorn of the male for feminine intellect is more than balanced by the superciliousness of the average woman's secret attitude toward the mental process of mere man and the objects of his intellectual solicitude. Nine-tenths of the preoccupations of learning up to the middle of the nineteenth century are pure bosh. There is no inferiority, but a measure of superior feminine discernment in woman's refusal to occupy herself with the irrelevance of the number of angels that could dance on the point of a needle, or the fallacy of the undistributed middle.

With the development of modern science which makes it possible to take an intellectual interest in the business of living, there has sprung up in the United States an acuteness and intensity of intellectual life that is more or less obscured from the public consciousness by its determinedly femi-

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nine method. Always less given to ritual than men are, there is in this new life among women an almost contemptuous avoidance of the Pooh-Bah traditions of learning. This is particularly noticeable when it becomes necessary for the intellectual leaders of women to express themselves through the usual channels of current publication. Any number of women are writing and lecturing on topics which may become the "cause" of wars and the subjects of diplomacy, whose work remains practically unknown except among other women. But when stripped to its essentials, such work is found to differ from the writing of men who have attained international recognition, chiefly in the matter of literary form. There is great indifference to style among women thinkers, and complete inhibition of the Pooh-Bah tradition as expressed in the patter of professional scholarship.

An editorial on disarmament written by Herbert Croly would have a style appreciably superior to an editorial on the same subject by Ida Clyde Clarke. Any difference in first-hand knowledge of facts, observed political trends, the quality of social prophecy, would as likely as not be in Mrs. Clarke's favor. And there would be an enormous difference in the immediacy of contact with the audience, for Mrs. Clarke has a reading public of between two and three million, with a large personal following, while Mr. Croly must be content with the much smaller number who still like their political inspiration served with the grand gesture. Yet so little is the public consciousness aroused to this situation, so much is it under the sway of traditionalism, that while it is not necessary to refer Mr. Croly's name to "The New Republic", it remains for most people an item of unassimilated information that Ida Clyde Clarke is the leading editorial writer of "Pictorial Review".

Probably the incompletely realized sense of form which has kept women so far from the highest achievement in music and sculpture, is at the bottom of this distinction. It is also involved with her scorn of the impersonal and indirect, her deep sense of social applicability as the test of value. Finally it is concerned with the feminine need of response, woman's habit of shortcircuiting all her process in view of her experience as the centre of the family group. The question of how far it is expedient to invest matters of immediate appeal, however scholarly their implication, with the style which insures a measure of permanence, is one we have never fairly faced. The advocates of formalized and stylistic writings are as superior to any other consideration as the practitioners of "popular appeal" are scornful. On the general count of getting themselves recognized as the intellectual equals of men, women have lost by their neglect of form. This is notably the case with one of the most original of women thinkers, Charlotte Perkins Gilman. Mrs. Gilman is not without style, but it is the style of Mrs. Gilman's mind, thin, vivid, and swift as a lightning streak, rather than the carefully finished instrument of communication. Only in her most ambitious and perhaps most deeply felt works, like "Women and Economics", does it produce organic literary form. Undoubtedly this has lead to misappreciation and the neglect of Mrs. Gilman's contribution long before we have ceased to need it.

The indifference of women to traditional methods of expression has had much to do with preventing the expression of their especial point of view

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in magazines edited by men along traditional lines. It has led to the formation of a medium for intellectual exchange unparalleled in history. By means of the federated and affiliated women's organizations ten million women are being continuously and immediately brought into contact with whatever is being thought by anybody who can secure any sort of certification of worthwhileness. No doubt the ten million suffer from our common American incapacity for distinguishing between the informed and the uninformed opinion. There is no other reason for assuming that the intellectuation which goes on among them is any less sound or perceptive than that which takes place among the smaller, more ritualistic groups of men thinkers. But just because it goes on in the common, unheretic speech, our so-called Intellectuals remain practically unaware of it.

The result is that our young men thinkers seem to themselves the sole apostles of American culture; and that they do not find themselves happy in their isolation, one has only to read any half-dozen of their latest books to discover. One can imagine that the future, looking back on our time, will see this schism between young men and mature women as the greatest singularity of our bisexual organization. At present it is perhaps the greatest single obstacle to intellectual effectiveness in America. Androcentric as the culture of Europe has ever been, it is always tempered and mellowed by the wisdom of mature women. But here the ancient tribal usage which holds that older men should rule while young men adventure, mature women mediate between them and young women be husbanded, has given place to a system of isolated groups which have almost the force of caste. There is even in the American mind a slight suspicion of impropriety in the idea of free association between young men and older women. Certainly there is a marked indisposition on the part of the women leaders of women's thinking to pay the price of form which would make them completely intelligible to the young, to our general social loss. In no country in the world is social life being approached on so intellectual a plane, and nowhere could the same degree of intellectuation come to so little purpose.

As life and learning, following the trend of modern science, have more and more to do with one another, there will doubtless be increasing authentication of our woman culture which must make itself felt in the institutional world. But before the perfect adjustment can take place there will probably occur a period of sharp antagonism, such as preceded the granting of woman suffrage. Probably it is inevitable that social growth should take place by successions of such crises. I see nothing to regret in such a possibility in America. There has never been a genuine woman culture, based upon generic differences in the woman approach, and the experiment might well be worth undergoing. It might, indeed, have distinct service to perform in the abolition of the Pooh-Bah tradition of learning among men, and the rise among women of new and necessary appreciations of intellectual form.

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NEWS NOTES OF PORTAGE, WISCONSIN

By Zona Gale

I

VIOLIN

OF late, on some light errand, I sat beside
The cooking-stove in Johann's sitting-room.
Within there was the cheer of lamp and fire,
The stove-draught yawning red and wide,
The table with its rosy cotton spread,
A blue chair-cover from a home-land loom,
A baby's bed.
And in that odor of cleanliness and food
Johann, the laborer worthy of his hire
For seven days a week, twelve hours a day,
At some vague toil "down in the yard".
Hard?
What of that? Look at the luck he had to keep the place
And draw his pay.

He had been strong
And still his body kept its ruggedness.
Yet he was old and stiffened and he moved
As one who is wrapped round in something thick.
But O his face
His face was like the faces that look out
From bark and bole of trees, all marred and grooved,
All laid about
With old varieties of silence and of wrong.
Such faces are locked long
In men, in stones, in wood, in earth
Awaiting birth.
And Johann's face was less
Expectant than the happy dead awaiting to become the quick.

His wife said much about how hard she tried.
She chattered, high and shrill,
About the burden and the eating ill.
His mother, little, thin, half blind and cross,
With scarlet flannel round her throat,
Put in her note,
Muttered about the cold, the draught, her side—
Small ineffectual chants of little loss,
With never a word
Of the great gossip which she had not heard:
That life had passed her by.
The little room beset me like the din

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And prick of scourges. All
At once I looked upon the spattered wall
And saw a violin.

A hall
Vast, bright and breathing.
In the upper air
A chord, a flower of tone, a quiet wreathing
Along the lift and fall
Of some clear current in the blood
Now delicately understood
Till all the hearing ones below
Are where
The voices call.
O now they know
What music is. It is that which they are
Themselves. Infinite bells
Of silence in a little sheath. Deep wells
Of being in a little cup. Star upon star
Veiled, save one reaching ray.
And see! The people turn
And for a breath they look
Out into one another's eyes
And shine and burn
Wise, wise,
With ultimate knowledge of the goal
That seeks one whole.
And how
Eternity begins
And ever is beginning now
A thousand hearts learn from the violins.

...My back ain't right. My head ain't right. I'm almost dead.
Fill the hot water bag. I'm goin' to bed....
Ten pairs of socks I've darned tonight. I try
To do the best I can....
I put the women by:
Johann, I said, you play? He shook his head:
I lost it, loggin'—he held up a stump of thumb.
I took six lessons once, he said.
I sat there, dumb.
From out the inner place of music there had come
Long, long ago,
Some viewless one to tell him how to know
What waits upon the page
To beat the rhythm of the world. He heard; and tried
To stumble toward the door, graciously wide
For other feet than his.
I took six lessons once, he said with pride.
This, this
Was all we gave him of his heritage.

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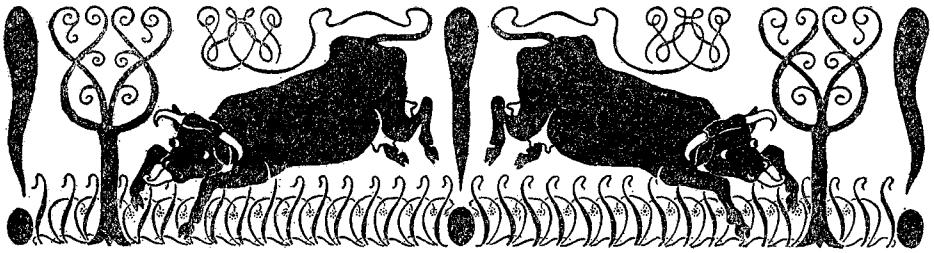

Tail Piece from "The Burgess Nonsense Book"

GELETT BURGESS AS A HUMORIST

By Gelett Burgess

With Sketches by the Author

A bon chat, bon rat.

IF you will clamber up almost any one of the many, many church steeples in Boston—from the New Old South to the Church-of-the-Holy Beanblowers—you will find, near the top, a curious mark—a monogram composed of the Phœnician letters, F. G. B. But Gelett Burgess, in those kidoid days, was really no Steeple Jack. His marks were scrawled inside, not outside those steeples.

And as he had sometimes in the pursuit of this peculiar fad to break into those churches to climb up into the steeples, so he broke into literature from the inside, and left his mark.

Noticing, even at fifteen, that most of the "Notes and Queries" in the Boston "Transcript" were requests for lost doggerels, he induced a boy friend to write to the editor and ask for the author of a poem—one of G. B.'s own private effusions. And the next week, he himself sent in, and proudly he saw printed his answering letter:

EDITOR OF THE TRANSCRIPT;
Dear Sir;

The author of the poem entitled "The dismal day, etc." is Frank Gelett Burgess, and the whole poem is as follows:

The dismal day, with dreary pace,
Hath dragged its tortuous length along;
The gravestones black and funeral vase
Cast horrid shadows long.

Oh, let me die, and never think
Upon the joys of long ago!
For cankering thoughts make all the world
A wilderness of woe.

With this merry literary achievement he was for some years content; he made no further attempts to create a demand for his work. G. B. a civil engineer would be. In the back of his arithmetic, an illustrated problem had shown him a clever surveyor measuring across a river without crossing it. This had fired his imagination.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he became in four years a Bachelor of Science, had, no doubt, although indirectly, a strong influence upon his imagination. It gave him precision of thought, if not direction. It made his ideas definite. It

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did not, however, encourage the pursuit of letters, except perhaps the Alphas, Betas, and Deltas which nearly conquered him in Stresses and Strains and the Theory of Elasticity.

He did, though, interrupt his calculus and quarternions occasionally, to contribute an article or poem for the student magazine, "The Tech"; and when, later, he was camped with an engineering outfit of the Southern Pacific Railway in the seven-foot-high growth of mustard where now arise the houses of Pasadena's greatest and best, he wrote a story for the Boston "Budget". Still, all the time, persistently, though secretly, G. B. was committing light verse, mainly celebrating the ladies of his acquaintance. To this hard training in versification is attributable what skill and style he has attained. Several thick books of unpublished *vers de société* and fancy still exist to prove his assiduity and his mastery of technique and condensed thought.

Alas, the fates denied the young poet's desire to build tunnels and bridges in the fastnesses of the Andes. He was too good a draughtsman to be sent into the field; and three years of office work in San Francisco (usually with a poem or sketch concealed under his maps) sickened him of science. A call to the University of California as instructor in typographical drawing soon gave him the opportunity and leisure to indulge his muse. But, ere three years of this unseemly dignity had passed, a midnight escapade, though it endeared him to the students, brought an intimation from the president that his resignation from the faculty of the U. C. would be accepted.

It was this pulling down of the cast iron statue of the famous Dr. Coggswell—so long an æsthetic scandal in San Francisco—that launched G. B. into a literary career. With Bruce Porter, another of the iconoclasts, he started "The Lark". This was to be known, during its two years' sprightly existence, as the most original magazine ever published in America. In its initial number one nonsense rhyme achieved for G. B. a fame which he has made a lifelong attempt to surpass. This was:

I never saw a Purple Cow,
I never Hope to See one;
But I can Tell you, Anyhow,
I'd rather See than Be one!

"The Lark" was unique in that it contained neither satire, parody, nor comment or criticism of any kind upon contemporary writers. It eschewed both local color and timeliness. Every page, in fact, was a definite contribution of appealing originality. Nonsense, serious verse, essays, fiction, drawings, inventions—"The Lark" was versatile—all had the freshness and gaiety of youth. Its creed was optimism and *joie de vivre*. And most of it was written by G. B.; often the whole number, from cover design to jocose advertisements, was from his pen.

As a nonsense writer, however, he was still best known and enjoyed; and these two poems came near to rivaling his P. Cow.

The Window has two little Panes—
But One have I.
The Window Pains are in its Sash—
I Wonder Why!

The Towel hangs upon the Wall—
And Somehow, I don't Care at All.
The Door is Open. I must Say
I rather Fancy it That Way!

Among the many gallimaufries in "The Lark" was an essay consisting of six paragraphs each of which could be used in combination with any other, haphazard, making an infinite number of apparently logical permutations. If

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you don't believe it, try for yourself any arrangement of these "Interchangeable Philosophical Paragraphs":

1. It may be doubted that any system of thought arranged upon the lines herewith proposed can be a success. The fact of its accomplishment alone, important as it must be, is no proof of method.

2. For instance, the correct relation between any two facts is one that must be investigated along the lines of thought most perfectly correlated to those facts.

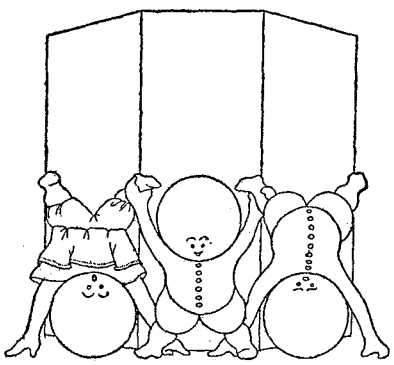
3. And in spite of what might at first sight be called irrelevancy, there is this to be observed, no matter what bearing the above may have upon the subject in hand, that the relations of one part to another may or may not be true.

4. And here must be noted the importance of the demand that such types of thought do exist. This is, no doubt, a quality of subjects, rather than of relativity between modes of expression.

5. So, too, are questions affecting the expression of coherent symbols of equal importance with the method by which these symbols are expressed.

6. But at the same time there must be a certain divergence in form between the types of questions to be discussed.

Equally erudite was a short, pointed story in the key of A-sharp by G. B. which began—and continued quite as extravagantly—with this burst of verbiage (all words guaranteed genuine):



Tail Piece from "Goops"

An autumnal sun, hanging in abditative attitude behind the atramental abysses of the wood, peered through the aperatures of the adustive foliage, casting ampliated, anfractuous penumbric anamorphoses of the arbuscles in the Park. In the arbor, beneath an acacia, sat the austere Anthea, analytical, yet attrehent.

And the following attempt of a typewriting machine at automatic poetry is a patent satire upon all machine-made verse:

Oh Phlis, "j??zVbx Aj%5 2q part,
So soon—1Q'k"jyx,—, 2-morrow,
Alas, q1Q)$ 'Vmlj—; my poor heart!
Ah—$$,%, ws 4pdq7, Qkcd, sorrow.
Fare"well,..QJmdubz$ "—,never mind,
Sweet Phylli$, "jzf%1 ,-missing—
Ah me,, v$%Aw"mjx ..js$..have to find
Another g$irlx $993% to do $gzk kissing!

"The Burgess Nonsense Book", containing many of "The Lark's" best humorous features and other eccentricities coined by G. B.'s whimsical mind, put him in a class apart. There have been few volumes of sheer, premeditated absurdity—too few. For wit and humor are more common than is generally supposed. Parody and burlesque, too, are easy enough. Satire we find in spots. But nonsense is a ticklish medium to essay. It takes a clear head to walk that narrow steep pathway along the wall of Pomposity without falling into the abyss of Silliness. Could G. B. do it? Perhaps, of such unadulterated nonsense, this is his gem of purest ray serene:

ABSTROSOPHY

If echoes from the fitful past
Could rise to mental view,
Would all their fancied radiance last,
Or would some odors from the blast,
Untouched by Time, accrue?

Is present pain a future bliss,
Or is it something worse?
For instance, take a case like this:
Is fancied kick a real kiss—
Or rather the reverse?

Is plenitude of passion palled
By poverty of scorn?
Does Fiction mend what Fact has mauled?
Has Death its wisest victims called
When idiots are born?

Upon moving to New York G. B. almost came down to earth. But of course, not quite. His sophistication is evident in one of his lesser-known

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books (half-suppressed by his half-hearted publisher), one of the million parodies of the immortal Fitzgerald. "The Rubaiyat of Omar Cayenne" was a skittish skit on contemporaneous literature, so-called. A few quatrains will show G. B.'s satiric intent:

Why, if an Author can fling Art aside
And in a Book of Balderdash take Pride,
  Wer't not a Shame—wer't not a Shame for him
A Conscientious Novel to have Tried?

And though you wring your Hands and wonder Why
Such Slipshod Work the Publisher will buy,
  Don't grumble at the Editor, for he
Must serve the Public, e'en as You and I.

We are no other than a Passing Show
Of clumsy Mountebanks that Come and Go
  To please the General Public; now, who gave
To IT the right to Judge, I'd like to Know!

G. B., however, had more serious aspirations than to be a clown. A reputation for nonsense, even for humor and fancy, he knew to be dangerous. In New York, therefore, he began in the magazine fiction field. It was more dignified—people didn't, in private, expect one to be funny—and one made more money.

Still, a fatal facility with rhyme, when combined with some talent as a grotesque illustrator and that cursed sense of humor to boot, formed a seductive trio—almost irresistible. Luckily G. B. was able to steer these three Graces in a didactic direction, and escape motley for a while. The invention of a queer new race of beings, ill-behaved children—he called them Goops (it was a quaint word, once)—started him as a nursery Mentor. Book after book of Goops inculcating principles of infant etiquette in verse, and illustrated by himself with eccentric drawings, have made him now even better known as a juvenile writer than as a nonsense poet.

Not a youthful fault but has been

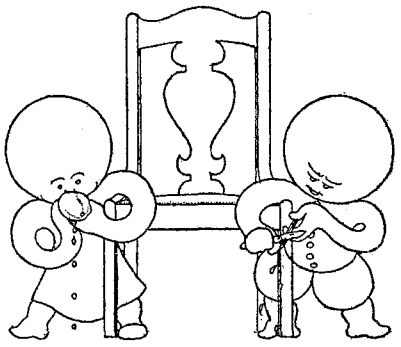

Illustration from "More Goops"

described and deprecated; and a sample from one of these Manuals of Manners will show how he succeeded in teaching children manners without their suspecting it:

The Goops, they lick their fingers,
  And the Goops, they lick their knives.
They spill their broth on the table-cloth—
  Oh, they lead disgusting lives!
The Goops, they talk while eating,
  And loud and fast they chew.
So that is why I'm glad that I
  Am not a Goop—are you?

Hardly had G. B. been thus labeled, when lo, he escaped from the juvenile pigeonhole and appeared in a new rôle. Perhaps it was a year in London writing for "The Sketch" that changed him, although while there he accomplished a whole series of ultra-modern fairy tales whose heroes and heroines were new to fiction—such as the House who Walked in her Sleep, the Locomotive in search of his Fortune, the Lazy Lamp Posts, and the Very, Very Grand Piano.

At any rate, he returned to New York as a full-fledged satirist to set a new word in people's mouths from Maine to Florida. *Bromide!* Why, it got even into the dictionary. Are You a Bromide? he asked, in a most provocative social analysis that divided the world into two classes—those who have original ideas, and

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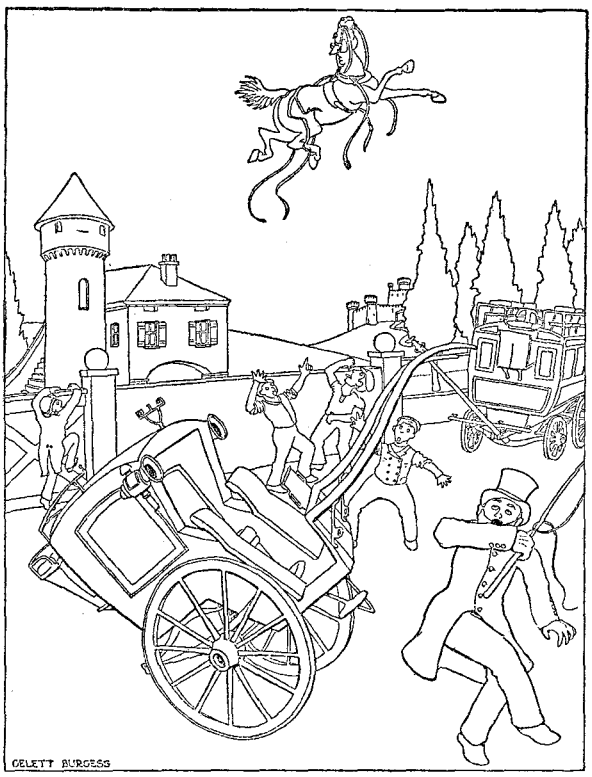

The Hilarious Hansom from "The Lively City o' Ligg"

those who think by syndicate. True, most readers understood and were amused only by his list of platitudes, such as "If I leave my umbrella it is sure to rain", and "The world is a very small place, after all"; but the essay itself, while couched in jocosity, is a searching presentation of the limitations of the "bromidic" mind.

Encouraged by the notice this booklet received, G. B. now turned his mischievous attention to Women. He put their foibles under his merry mental microscope in two books which have aroused the wrath of feminists. "The Maxims of Methuselah", giving in striking mock-biblical diction and modern slang the result of the venerable patriarch's 969 years of experience with the women of the Land of Nod, was followed by an even more spicily audacious set of "Maxims of Noah". Each had a sober and scholarly Introduction, into which he wove all the lore concerning the two old men embodied in the ancient legends of Hebraic literature—such as the Talmud, the Midrash, the Book of Yashar and of Enoch, etc.

The two books of Maxims are guaranteed by the impertinent author to give young men a complete course in the art of Understanding and Managing Women. G. B.'s views on this parlous topic may be illustrated by a few Maxims:

My son, many a damsel is a *kitten* with men, who is a *cat* with women.

But when thou goest amongst woman, let not thy *left* girl know what thy *right* girl doeth.

As a *leaky* hot water bottle in time of need,

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so is a fond woman who telleth thy secrets; her folly exceedeth her comfort.

As one who seeketh to fold a newspaper in a high wind, so is he who argueth with an *angry* woman.

As a cork that hath been pushed into a bottle, so is the mind of her who nurseth her *first born;* thou canst not attain unto it.

Can one lick a frosty door knob and not lose skin? So he who kisseth a widow shall not easily escape.

Stolen kisses are sweet, and hands held in secret are pleasant; but *he knoweth not* that when he hath *gone,* then will she tell all the details to her sisters without shame.

Gum may be removed from the hair, and ink under the thumb nail will in time pass away; but she who talketh too *loudly* in the street car cannot be changed.

Yea, as fascinating as a loose tooth is a secret to a young maiden; for she knoweth not whether to spit it out, or to keep it safe; yet *she cannot forget* it.

A teasing woman is as a squeaking shoe, or as when one walketh upon spilt sugar; it annoyeth me utterly.

Testifying to G. B.'s versatility, meanwhile, several novels, a book of poems, one of essays on "The Romance of the Commonplace", and a book of detective stories, appeared in his endeavor to demonstrate his sobriety to the world. It was of little use. He was compelled to milk that Purple Cow for the rest of his life.

Already the word *blurb* (self-praise, to make a sound like a publisher) had been widely adopted to describe the advertised praise of books, tobaccos, breakfast foods, and sundry. The success of this coinage, as well as the popularity of *Bromide* and *Sulphite,* led him to try his hand at other vivacious vocables and apt neologisms. He became, in fact, a lexicographer, and collected 100 Words You have Always Needed into a volume he unblushingly denominated "Burgess Unabridged". Each new word is not only defined, but described and illustrated elaborately in both prose and verse. They are not, on the whole, pretty words, but they bite right into everyday life. Each of them, to coin a phrase, fills a long-felt want.

How, for instance, would you describe the appearance of one who is not quite the thoroughbred—an East Orangean, for instance, or a lady from Meriden? He is apt to wear one of those mushroom-pleated shirts with a swallow-tail, and probably he carries a cane but no gloves. She wears white gloves, but badly soiled; her shoes are run over at the heels. The answer, to G. B., is easy. We have described a Bripkin.

In this lively mixture of glossolalia and satire, G. B. is at his comic best and most original. A few abbreviated citations from "Burgess Unabridged" will convince one of the paucity of the English language:

ALIBOSH	A glaringly obvious falsehood or exaggeration.
COWCAT	An unimportant guest, an insignificant personality.
DRILLIG	A tiresome lingerer, a buttonholer.
EDICLE	One who is educated beyond his intellect.
GEFOOJET	An unnecessary thing, a wedding present, curios.
GUBBLE	Society chatter, the hum of foolish conversation.
KIPE	To inspect appraisingly, as women look at each other.
MEEM	An artificial half-light beloved by women of a certain age, as of three red candles.
SPUZZ	Mental force, aggressive personality, stamina.
VARM	The quintessence of sex, a female atmosphere, as of a man entirely surrounded by women.
VORIANDER	A woman who pursues men, especially when she is unattractive. A female who demands attentions.
WOG	Food on the face, egg in the whiskers, milk on the lips, or other unconscious adornment of the person.
ZOBZIB	An amiable blunderer, one displaying misguided zeal.

And as an idea of how amenable these terms are to poetry and how they give an intriguing flavor, G. B. gives many poems, of which the following is the most abstruse:

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When vorlanders seek to huzzlecoo,
When jurpid splooch or vilpous drillig bores,
When cowcats kipe, or moobles wog, or you
Machizzled are by yowfs or xenogores,
Remember Burgess Unabridged, and think
How quisty is his culpid yod and yab;
No fidgeltick, with goigsome iobink,
No varmic orobaldity, his gab!

In the realm of more conventional comedy verse also, G. B. is well known. Here as elsewhere he is essentially a satirist of manners, and as usual, ruthlessly at the expense of women's frailty. His best-known poem in this line has caused much discussion among the literati, as to the identification of his hero. There have been many claimants to the honor. But one stanza will show the animus.

Dighton is engaged! Think of it and tremble—
Two and twenty maidens in the city must dissemble!
Two and twenty maidens in a panic must repeat,
"Dighton is a gentleman—will Dighton be discreet?"
All the merry maidens who have known him at his best,
Wonder what the girl is like, and if he has confessed.
Dighton, the philanderer! Will he prove a slanderer?
A man gets confidential ere the honeymoon is sped.
Dighton was a rover then; Dighton lived in clover then;
Dighton is a gentleman—but Dighton is to wed!

A sample from another poem (written on a bet, while making a call) will show still more plainly his tendency to make fun of the unfair sex.

Leave the lady, Willy, let the racket rip;
She is going to fool you—you have lost your grip.
Your brain is in a muddle, and your heart is in a whirl;
Come along with me, Willy—never mind the girl!
Come and have a man-talk,
Come with those who can talk,
Light your pipe and listen, and the boys will pull you through.
Love is only chatter,
Friends are all that matter—
Come and have a man-talk—that's the cure for you!

But even G. B.'s fiction has always (though sometimes slightly concealed) the sarcastic note. His comedy is oftener a comedy of manners than of situation. An abandoned example of this is his New York Arabian Nights Entertainment called "Find the Woman". He does, it is true, indulge in such farce as a kidnaped hero coming out of his chloroform to find himself without trousers in a pigeon loft, to be subsequently entertained by a Club of Liars—but G. B. is more apt to laugh at the general tendency than the specific instance. Like O. Henry, he has been remembered more for ingenious construction and knowledge of human nature, than by the creation of any popular character. The most original—or perhaps the maddest of his *dramatis-personæ* in this novel is the President of an Anti-Profanity League, one Dr. Hopbottom; this is the way he relieves his irate emotion:

See here, you slack-salted, transubstantiated interdigital germarium, you rantipole sacrosciatic rock-barnacle, you—if you give me any more of your caprantipolene paragastular megalopteric jacitation, I'll make a lamellibranchiate gymnomixine lepidopteroid out of you!

Little need be said of G. B.'s more serious literary work—novels, plays, poems, and essays. But one must take their existence into consideration in appraising his work as a humorist. For humor is a natural reflex from serious and earnest impulses. The first arboreal anthropoid ape who, safe at the top of his tree, cackled in primitive laughter at the sight of his fellow at the bottom being attacked by a deadly enemy, felt something of what we call humor. And it was because that ancestor of ours knew by experience the seriousness of the other's plight that he made primordial fun of him. It might be said, indeed, that not only are humorists the most sapient com-

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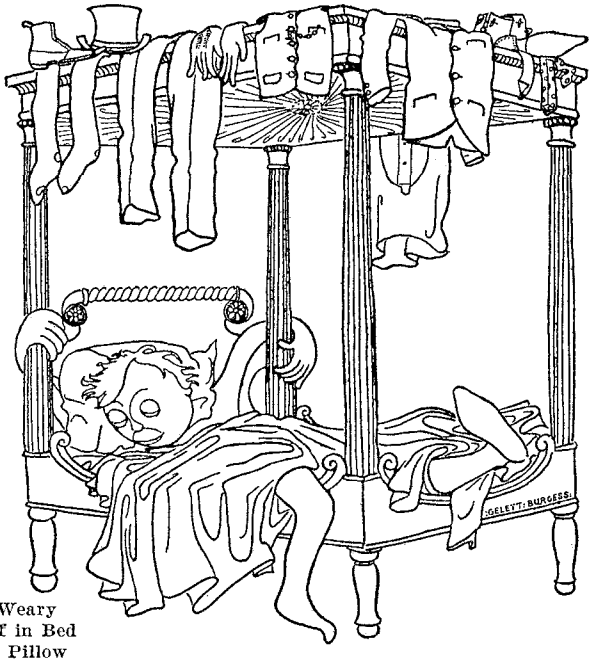
mentators upon life, but that no one who cannot be earnest can be really funny.

And especially is this true of that form of applied humor called satire, which is never successful unless the subject ridiculed is well understood, if not indeed beloved. G. B. is always like one who chaffs his brother or his best friend—or, so far as that goes, himself. Nowhere is this better shown than in his outrageous "Lady Méchante", which bears the pregnant sub-title, "Life as it Should Be". This novel, written at odd moments for the mere delight of unrestraint, for his own wild pleasure, consists of four books. "The Cad and the Countess" is a satire on society boredom; "The Walking Peanut" a skit on hypnotism; "The Cult of Mars" a travesty on new occult religions; "The Cave Man" an explosive burlesque on modern art. And in the latter it is G. B.'s own pet theories and beliefs that are most merrily attacked—his favorite schools of music, painting, architecture, and literature.



My Legs are so Weary
They Break Off in Bed
And my Caramel Pillow
It Sticks to my Head!

Here, for instance, is the Cave Man's first poem—something sacred and holy, he avers—a part of the divine mystery of his being. Like a love letter it is the sort of thing that isn't often exposed to public view. But Haulick Smagg thus displays his hidden feelings:

My shirt is sticky. It clings to my back.
Gawd, my gawd, but I'd like to cry!
I got up at night and stepped on a tack—
Gawd, but I want to die!

I got my hair all covered with glue—
I wiped my face on a towel new—
Gawd, my gawd, but I'd like to cry!
I seen a guy with a pale blue scarf—
I heerd a gal with a horrid larff—
Gawd, but I want to die!

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Almost as extreme in its abandon is G. B.'s string of anguished tales entitled "Ain't Angie Awful!" They are vulgar, and yet charming. They are silly, yet comic. Here his style is almost legerdemain. He is atrocious. You crawl all over—but you read on. Satire, though—satire again. He hits everything within reach of city life. . . . An introduction:

In the good old days when girls wore ears, and lacquered their faces in privacy, Angela Bish held the proud position of 23rd assistant gum-chewer in a six-cent store. . . .

Angela was only sixteen. But what does that matter, when one is young! . . .

For a young girl, life in New York is so hard-boiled as to be practically indigestible. There were times when Angie didn't know where her next kiss would come from.

Ill as she could have afforded the luxury, she would have given nine dollars any day for a husband, alive or dead. If wealthy, she would have preferred him dead. But all the matrimonial agencies had given her up as too wonderfully willing. Men, they said kindly, liked to pursue an elusive woman, like a cake of wet soap in a bath tub—even men did who hated baths. . . .

G. B.'s ever-youthful play instinct, in these two books carried to its absurdest limits, has always had a way of breaking out in the most unexpected and joyful directions. He has spent a fortnight constructing a completely equipped miniature farmhouse, with mica windows, and green velvet lawns—only to set it afire for the amusement of a dinner party. He has built dozens of Nonsense Machines—most elaborate assemblies of mechanisms, whose sole object was to be busy in the most complicated possible way without doing anything useful whatever. With T. R.'s connivance, he once set out on a trip abroad to buy a foreign title—and ended by digging up first century B. C. Roman tombs in Provence. He published in San Francisco, with another madcap, Porter Garnett, a magazine of rankest nonsense, "Le Petit Journal des Refusées", and printed every copy on a different pattern of wall paper. And he exhibited, in an exclusive gallery on Fifth Avenue, some thirty water colors, ambitiously high Experiments in Symbolistic Psychology. With Will Irwin, too, he collaborated not only on two books, but also in the management of the San Francisco & Arcady R. R., an 87-foot line laid all over the floor of Suicide Hall, the apartment they shared on East Twenty-third Street.

Now do not these enthusiastic avocations cast a brilliant sidelight on G. B. as a writer? It will be seen in this psychoanalysis that his mind is essentially scientific, rather than dramatic. His permutative System of Philosophy, his employment of every known French form of verse in "The Lark", his sarcastic comments on art, in "The Cave Man", even the mechanical, accurate quality of his drawings in "The Lively City o' Ligg"—all exhibit the same ironic, accuracy-loving but law-breaking mind. To overcome technical difficulties, and at the same time exploit a really satiric idea, is his delight.

In "Dinarzade's Three Weeks", for example, which he wrote for "The Century", G. B. proved that brevity is the soul of wit, by having the sister of Scheherezade outdo that lady by telling twenty-one stories, each of only ten words! Here are some of them:

Yawning bride's false teeth fall out before responses at wedding.

Old maid forgets to remove cotton from ears before proposal.

Aged lady, ambitious to become Steeple Jack, practices village church.

Escaping murderess detected through characteristic drinking milk through green veil.

Animal lover spends month in stable searching for pet fly.

Mouse on platform disturbs New Thought lecturer on "Banish Fear!"

Fighting in dark, man cuts own throat, thinking it enemy's.

Spinster dreams promenading Broadway undressed, wakes to find it true.

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It will be seen by this time that G. B. loves tours-de-force. He loves machinery, and the intricacies of technique. He adores the extravagant, the outrageous. But he uses his gift always to demonstrate the absurdities of life. He creates his characters only to destroy them. He formulates complex theories and blows them up with blasts of laughter. He is amused at everything, respects nothing. It is all he can do to be merely decorous. Surely satire, to such a nature, should be as easy as sneezing.

In one of his water colors, symbolizing Fancy, G. B. showed a Liverbone (another of his whimsical creations) who has leaped from the roof of a castle, and is seated, horseback, atop the moon. That bizarre, outlandish, carefree creature might also represent G. B.'s own mind. Say, Gertie, wouldn't it be awful to be like that?

HEEDLESS THE BIRDS . . . .

By Thomas Moult

BY this same copse in spring I came,
The birds sang round me cheerily.
In that wild dancing world of flame
Mine was the one wild heart made tame;
I hearkened wearily.
Fain would I share
With them my care;
But they would have no heed of me.

Now, while the wan year wanes more dim,
My heart grows joyous-wild again;
But where black trees the bleak skies limn
Those birds do pipe a doleful hymn.
Yet though, gladmost of men,
I'd fain rewake
Spring in the brake,
They heed no more than they did then.

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THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM

Extracts from the Novel by Stephen Vincent Benét

CONVERSATION—1892

THE only sound in the big front room is the faint growling of the bright coal fire as it chars to the ruddiness of a winter apple behind the three black bars of its grate. Outside the wind slashes at the windows, flinging handfuls of spatting rain to run down the panes like long tears. Clove-black and brittle-brown as tatters from old sails, the dead leaves of the eucalyptus hurry past in the wet of the gust, to be heaped into overflowing gutters along with shriveled grey pepperberries and torn flowers and much red sand. It is pleasant to look once through the window at that scurry of storm and broken cloud and then turn back to the quiet crickling of the coals. A month more now, and in the east it will be old cold Christmas, with the ground frosted over like a cake—but this is California and the rainy season, and the earth will sluice and steam for three months longer in a continual pouring of clear rain.

There is another sound in the room now—a sound no one could have noticed before, it is so small and monotonous—the sound of even breathing. It comes from the great oak bed by the wall, and the chair rocked close to the grate. Hearing it makes the room seem stiller and warmer. The fire shifts suddenly, throwing a gay flare on the face of the drowser before it, and the procession of dull-blue peacocks that parade the ivory chintz of the deep chairs and tall curtains. From the bed comes an indistinguishable sleepy sound that, finding itself nonsense, stops, and a little later begins again, this time enough waked-up to be in words.

"Nurse!" it says. "Oh, Nurse!"

The rumple of starched linen in the rocker moves infinitesimally and relapses without answering.

"Nurse!" repeats the voice from the bed, this time with a tickle of laughter in it. "Miss Hollis! Sorry to wake you!"

And now the linen hears and crackles. The figure in the chair rises, a tall strapping girl with a tumble of blond hair coming out from under her nurse's cap. She looks as vigorous and healthy as a young tree, but the pulled-down droop of the corners of her mouth shows that she has recently been very thoroughly tired. She stands now with her arms over her head, yawning magnificently, and then, suddenly realizing what she is doing, straightens and starts to look very professional. But the next minute her hands are at her eyes again, trying desperately to rub away the sleep.

The voice from the bed is contrite.

"I'm awfully sorry. I know I shouldn't have waked you. I've been counting peacocks and peacocks, getting the cruelty to. Because if you were as sleepy as I was—"

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"You should have waked me long ago, Mrs. Sellaby." The full dignity of an expert has been recovered. "I had no business to sleep like that. I don't know how I—" A yawn splits this in the middle, but she goes on determinedly, "I don't know what I—" Again the annihilating yawn. This time she gives up. "Oh dear," she says frankly, "I *was* so tired."

"I was a pig. A perfect pig."

This from the bed, then, inconsequentially, "By the way, that clock's still stuck at nine-thirty—"

Miss Hollis consults a small bangle of a watch. "Good heavens, its half-past four! and Mr. Sellaby will be coming in, and the doctor—"

She busies herself with bottles and trays and pillows, hiding what yawns will come behind four fingers. The girl in the bed lies flat back, looking at the ceiling. Her hair, which is the color of pine-smoke, is in thick, soft waves about her face.

It is a face with that delicate tense strength you may see in the hands of a great surgeon—the soul beneath it has been tempered steely, is as exquisitely balanced and direct as the long springing blade of an old rapier. And at present, in spite of the weight and heaviness of exhaustion upon it, so deep as to be almost visible and clinging like a netted veil, it is overwhelmed with peace, absorbed in peace. She has that look of calm strangeness with her that will make even her husband when he sees her this time, forget her as anything but a visitor from brightness. Her face and her throat might have been bathed in starry water. She turns her head to the pillow again and her eyes grow merry.

"Philip?"

But Miss Hollis is slow.

"Mr. Sellaby? The carriage hasn't come back yet."

The girl in bed smiles swiftly.

"No. Not Phil. Philip."

This time she is comprehended, with an answering smile of vast though somewhat technical understanding.

"Miss Woods has him, I think. Shall I bring him in?"

"Please."

Miss Hollis vanishes with a laundered rustle, threading hard on her sensible shoes. An antiseptic smell—the essence of the endless tiled corridors of a thousand expectant hospitals, permanently anæsthetized into rubbery quiet—drifts thinly into the air. Lucia Sellaby's hand, absurdly weak and uncoordinated like the hand of a puppet with the wires gone wrong, fumbles slowly with a stopper and closes the exclamatory bottle. Then she smiles again, this time with the fervent pleasure of a child that has just successfully carried through a mild naughtiness undiscovered. Miss Hollis reappears, carrying some crude sort of bundle with great care. The whipping sound of rain on glass is broken in upon by flacking hoofs and the ripple of tired wheels that tattle and slur into a stop.

"Here he is," says the nurse, judiciously. She is much too well instructed to crow meaningless languages at the baby or dig pointed fingers into his fat. That will be left to uncles and aunts.

Philip is put beside his mother. He is the color of the shell of a boiled crab—a creature of compound wrinkles and ugliness with the face of a cathedral gargoyle. This ugliness will be geographically examined by all visiting relatives for perfect resemblances to other members of the family. Cousin George Vane will remark with a happy appreciation of his own wit that the kid's nose is just as lopsided as his dad's and Aunt Ethel

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Sellaby will eat liver-tablets as she looks at him and say, as she crunches with a noise like breaking teeth, that it is perfectly evident to anyone the Vane temper has come out in him already. But so far he has been a good deal too young to be seen and a good deal too busy with existing to be quite sure that he is existing at all.

He makes crablike movements of discontent, though, even in the crook of his mother's arm. She looks at him, humming wordlessly. His eyes are shut—squeezed in like a puppy's—but one formless paw crawls, feeler-wise, to the swelling curve of her breast. Miss Hollis busies herself complacently with her slops and linen and scissors—she has all the composed self-consciousness of a popular actor acknowledging applause after an unusually successful first night. Under the calm sky of her satisfaction, Philip and Lucia hold close, belong to each other, are contented. Footsteps and a soft rapping at the door break in upon the dream.

Miss Hollis answers the rapping discreetly, parleys a little, then admits Phil Sellaby—Philip Sellaby, Sr. now, of course. Handsome as a show red setter, young as a colt, he has more or less the limitations of mind of both animals while lacking their uncanny earthy qualities of scent and instant intuition. The crooked nose is there and serves only to add tricky good-humor to looks otherwise too regular to be interesting—and the eyes are gleaming and empty as blue marbles. At present the man is nervousness, exalted relief, profound gratitude, and ferocious pride by turns. He treats his son alternately as if he were porcelain and rubber, and his wife as though she were a combination of descended angel and new and very startling machine whose actions and curious potentialities he had never before suspected. She loves him but is beginning to comprehend him—he worships her and never will, any more than why the pastel shades become her or why a sonnet should have only fourteen lines. A very nice fellow on the whole—though a little too much the sort of man at his best in the lounge of a men's club. His youth suits him extremely—he wears it like a flower in his buttonhole—if he could stay in the twenties forever, he would be completely successful, for age will harden and veneer without greatly ripening him. But he has been standing at the door long enough.

He starts to run to his wife, decides that isn't dignified, and walks. Miss Hollis departs elaborately, and is heard playing with faucets in the bathroom. As soon as her skirt has vanished behind the door, he runs over and kneels beside the bed.

"Darling, darling, darling!" he says in a cracking voice. Lucia turns her head and shoulder so that their lips can meet. The kiss is long and speechless and without any pulse or banner of passion. The man has put off for once the gilded metal of his attitudes. He is suddenly able to remain silent—he kneels unconsciously, in the posture of a devotional figure beside a tomb. And her hand is gentle with him in a calm gesture—she will need that gesture later, too, for the other Philip when he has got acclimated. Miss Hollis coughs before reentering, and the embrace breaks up on the instant like a half-played theme in a concerto when the musician takes his hands from the keys. Phil Sellaby gets up, half tripping, and finds that his trousers are dusty. And Philip mews, wishing food.

The kiss has been good for Lucia,

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who needs actual present love as much to live as a pine needs soil and water, and cannot exist by fractions. And the fact that this son of his can actually utter passable sounds, sways the father back into gay arrogance again. He rips open a lengthy striped box that he has brought with him and tossed anyhow on the floor. It is full of pale and scarlet roses, long-stemmed and silvery with rain. Philip mews again, this time more decidedly, and Lucia, after cocking a doubtful eye at Miss Hollis's back, winks at him rapidly and furtively to show that he is completely understood, and begins to tug at the little bows on her nightgown. But Phil has got out the roses —he holds them high up—petals of stained silk and ivory rock and flutter and drift to Lucia's pillow—she shivers with the serene mirth of a bell. Philip opens his button-eyes—he sees the ripple of color, the few small sparkling drops that shower like globes of mercury from the shaken flowers—and seeing, laughs, laughs for the first whole time in his life with a loud wide toothless chuckle and a striking of fists and feet at the great wonder.

GARDEN PARTY—1901

Clink—tink—clitter of silver, tankle of forks on peach-bloom plates,
Delicate ivory crunchings titter through foam-white biscuits and oozing dates;
Trill, spill, ripples of laughter, even the dangling bags play tunes.
Mandarin-buttoned and dragon-slippered, the tea-steam walks by the macaroons!

Philip has been put into a white suit and a bad temper and sent marauding through the rustle of guests as a sort of wandering ornament. He goes through his motions sullenly and without style, feeling as if he had been starched all over. For him the whole high-voiced confusion splits itself up into hats and hands. Hats like fruit salad and hats like painted bird cages, long chilly hats that rest the eyes like shade after hard reading, little round swearing parrots of hats, as reekingly alive as tropic sunlight. Hats of every shade from pistache to flamingo—mauve, apricot, sherry, bisque—they spot and color the green cool of the garden like a sudden new creation of great, gay artificial plants. And below the hats are the hands—hands of all shapes and tints and firmnesses—from the limp, perspiring palm of fifteen-year-old Marjorie Kellaber that crumples like a wet rubber glove as you take hold of it, to the dry sweet tiny fingers of old Mrs. Janet Whistley who offers you three of them like an investiture of the Garter in an atmosphere of lace and mignonette. Hats and hands, nothing but hats and hands, and not a chance for Philip to do anything but hand around baskets of pink-iced cakes and have people pat him with squat hands and lumpy hands and tell him, what a polite little gentleman. What a polite little gentleman —what a *polite* little gentleman—and Philip, with a company grin outside, inside runs through Mac the stableman's best barnyard vocabulary with the ease, care, and devotion a Buddhist monk expends on his prayer wheel. Then he looks to catch a wink from his mother, but she is fenced behind hats and hands and a vaporous silver urn,

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she is pouring tea for countless hats and hands; and Philip puts down his basket where a fat hat will be sure to come and step into it, and sneaks off through the side garden to the peace and food of the kitchen.

Swerve, wheel, succulent incense, wave
like the tails of Persian cats,
(Low light strokes flower-soft dresses,
sweet-pea veilings and fur-sleek
spats,)
—Bright, bitter intrusions of lemon,
prosperous gurgles of clotting
milk,
Even the wind is combed and curdled
in cloudy powder and crinkling
silk!

The Striped Aunt is talking to the Lozenged Aunt while they trot up and down the brick walk of the rose garden. Their promenade is proud but with something lacking in it, like the evening review of two large and prominent peacocks who have mislaid essential fractions of their tails.

"And just how old is that splendid boy of Lucia's?" says Stripes.

"Little Philip?" Lozenges's voice has that quality of medical oversweet to be found in popular cough tablets. "Nine in November."

"And my dear, you didn't think he looked delicate?"

"No." Then Lozenges reconsiders. "Not precisely. But he has that excitable Vane look. It always makes one fear for the mind."

"Why there's been no actual *insanity*, surely—"

"So far? No." Oh sepulchral Lozenges! "But with precocious children, when they have that queer look you never ought to be too sure. No child has any business to draw or read or write so much at that sweet little fellow's age. If *I* were Lucia—"

"Give him a good sound spanking every time he touches a book!" Spinster Stripes rubs out all literature with one obliterating thumb. "It isn't normal. It isn't right."

"It isn't the way a sensible mother would act. It isn't what Grandfather Sellaby ever believed in."

They trot faster, chanting their litany at each other.

"It isn't proper or wise."

"He ought to be packed off to boarding school."

"It isn't fair to the boy."

"Too much affection is *so* dangerous."

"His father should take a firm hand."

"He isn't like other boys his age."

The antiphony drops, commences again, sweetly choral.

"If Phil Sellaby wasn't so flighty."

"If Lucia didn't have such curious ideas."

"If they gave him a box of tools."

"If he played more with other little boys."

"If his eyes hadn't turned brown, when they were blue at first."

"If he took more after his Uncle Ashbel."

But even the tongues of Lozenges and Stripes wag weary after much good breath is wasted. They are warm—they sit down on a garden bench, and huddle their musty, feathery gowns about them. Stripes waves a soporific fan, driving little sharp dusty gusts at the face of Lozenges. She cools and they discuss the sinful habits of some servants and most dogs and all small children.

She—he—mumble of dowagers—chat-
ter from little old men in stays,
Thick, soft glutinous spooning of
guava jelly and gorged pâtés,

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Slip, slop, mayonnaise sandwiches burble delight to a careless thumb,
White spite winks a decanter, chuckling a tot of obsequious rum!

Philip, smudging his nose against the pantry window, sees a crammed belated carriage creak away down the drive. The garden party has withered into a few, middle-aged exhaustless talkers and two stranded wives nervously looking around bushes for their husbands. Philip settles back to his cache of salvaged edibles; three sardine sandwiches, the wreck of a guava jelly messed into the remains of some chicken-in-aspic, and the sticky internals of the ice cream freezer. He attacks with technique, voracity, and dispatch; inserts a crushed macaroon in one of the sandwiches, and tries the combination dubiously. Strange blends of abnormal foods appeal to him, and the maids, Lizzie and the borrowed ones, are too busy stacking dishes and comparing scandals about prominent guests to pay much notice. Philip looks and is more like his father just now than he ever will be again—the resemblance is of the kind that drives aging ladies to gentle sentimental tears. Any thoughts he has are chiefly about food and Mrs. Whistley's lent black butler, who is quite the finest and most overpoweringly mannered gentleman that has yet come into his ken. Philip has been trying to draw him all day on the sly, and has only succeeded once, a wild, amusing caricature of him at the door of Noah's Ark, ushering in with effusive cordiality a procession of silk-hatted rhinoceroses. Philip thinks of the latter beasts and grins profoundly, before spreading guava paste on a loose sardine.

Lucia may have worried about him unnecessarily. He seems in most respects as normal and inquisitive as a terrier. Every emotion he has goes instantly all through and over him as a current of electricity pours through a wire—and he is still at an age when the space between shutting eyes at night and opening them again in the morning flicks past like the second-hand of a watch about its dial, and most dreams, good or bad, come from indigestion. He doesn't know what it is to be bored, has a quantity of humorous vanity, considerable physical recklessness, and is beginning to develop from much scattered and unchecked reading an ashamed fierce curiosity in regard to matters of sex. His flair for mockery, with pencil or words, is his chief unusual quality and he knows quite well to his own last adjective, exactly how unusual it is.

Lizzie, their own maid, skims by with a couple of empty cake baskets, eying him askance.

"It's a pig you are, Master Philip," she calls in her soft slippery Irish. "What with Lee wishful to save them little fishes for your mother's lunch, this Saturday!"

"Aw, Lizzie, he won't give a darn!" and "Have one?" Philip adds with mischievous good-temper.

"Have one is it? It's none of you and your fishes I'll have, with me work to be done and supper to get and the hair that will fly when your Aunt Agatha sees the place the wall-eyed horse of Colonel Marley's ate off the cockle-vine! Now, by the Holy Fly!—"

The invocation interests Philip.

"What's the Holy Fly?"

"It's the fly that lit on the face of Our Lord and Him hangin' on the Cross and the one He blessed and took into Heaven with Him along of the two thieves. Now go along with your questions!"

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"But why did Our Lord take it to Heaven?"

"Because it was the holy wish of Him." Lizzie crosses herself, with some difficulty, owing to the cake baskets.

"But why did He want it in *Heaven?*"

"Because He did, and that's all, and bad luck to you and who are you to know what He wished or did not wish? Putting jelly on good sound fish as if it was bread they were, and not letting a decent girl go on with her work!"

Philip wonders idly what the difference would be in not letting an indecent girl go on with her work. Indecent. That was the word he looked up in the dictionary, yesterday, only to find it: "indecent, *adj.*, obscene, lascivious". *Obscene* is a good word to try out, then, though he is quite in the dark as to its meaning.

"Lizzie," he says with decision. "Why do you call yourself a decent girl? You're obscene."

The cake baskets are put down with a bang.

"Out of the pantry it is you go this minute, you black-hearted, small plague of a bad child! Calling a good girl out of her name with dirty words from your father's books that you should not have read!" She advances upon him with a dish towel. He holds his ground.

"You're obscene!" he patters off hurriedly. "You're obscene—you're obscene—aah, Lizzie, you're obscene!"

The dish towel flaps into his face. "Out ye go!" whacks Lizzie. "Out ye go—you and your fishes and your abseens—"

But the tempest settles back instantly into its teapot as Phil Sellaby, who has come running over the lawn unobserved, raps suddenly on the window pane with his knuckles.

"Play tennis, Philip?" he calls, in a voice that sounds funnily small through the glass, and Philip, forgetting everything else, rushes out and upstairs to get his racket and play vehement handicap-singles that his father always wins; through a slow, long sleepy twilight of dulling gold.

THE BATHER

By George O'Neil

THERE is no beauty surer than your own,
Clear as a carving from the cleanest stone.
A curve of life upon the dead white sand,
Perfect and exquisite, I watch you stand.
You are a vibrant tone's whole quivering,
The full flash that a flaring torch can fling.
Your beauty is a thing too sharp to bear
In the hour's fierce torridness and vivid glare.
I stare for the relief that it will be
When you are covered by the flat cold sea.

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AN OUTLINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

By Donald Ogden Stewart

With Sketches by Herb Roth

CHAPTER III

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

In the Manner of F. Scott Fitzgerald

THIS story occurs in those days when religion was still taken seriously by a great many people and in the town of Plymouth where the "Mayflower", having ploughed its platitudinous way from Holland, had landed its precious cargo of pious Right Thinkers, moral Gentlemen of God, and—Priscilla.

Priscilla was—well, Priscilla had yellow hair. In a later generation, in a 1921 June, if she had toddled by at a country club dance you would have noticed first of all that glorious mass of bobbed corn-colored locks. You would, then, perhaps, have glanced idly at her face, and suddenly said "Oh my gosh!" The next moment you would have clutched the nearest stag and hissed, "Quick—yellow hair—silver dress—oh Judas!" You would then have been introduced, and after dancing nine feet you would have been cut in on by another panting stag. In those nine delirious feet you would have become completely dazed by one of the smartest lines since the building of the Southern Pacific. You would then have borrowed somebody's flask, gone into the locker room and gotten an Edge—not a bachelor-dinner Edge but just enough to give you the proper amount of confidence. You would have returned to the ballroom, cut in on this twentieth century Priscilla, and taken her and your Edge out to a convenient limousine, or the first tee.

It was of some such yellow-haired Priscilla that Homer dreamed when he smote his lyre and chanted, "I sing of arms and the man"; it was at the sight of such as she that rare Ben Johnson's Dr. Faustus cried, "Was this the fact that launched a thousand ships?" In all ages has such beauty enchanted the minds of men, calling forth in one century the Fiesolian terza rima of "Paradise Lost", in another the passionate arias of a dozen Beethoven symphonies. In 1620 the pagan daughter of Helen of Troy and Cleopatra of the Nile happened, by a characteristic jest of the great Ironist, to embark with her aunt on the "Mayflower".

Like all girls of eighteen Priscilla had learned to kiss and be kissed on every possible occasion; in the exotic and not at all uncommon pleasure of "petting" she had acquired infinite wisdom and complete disillusionment.

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But in all her "petting parties" on the "Mayflower" and in Plymouth she had found no Puritan who held her interest beyond the first kiss, and she had lately reverted in sheer boredom to her boarding school habit of drinking gin in large quantities—a habit which was not entirely approved of by her old-fashioned aunt, although Mrs. Brewster was glad to have her niece stay at home in the evenings "instead", as she told Mrs. Bradford, "of running around with those boys, and really, my dear, Priscilla says some of the *funniest* things when she gets a little—er—'boiled', as she calls it—you must come over some evening, and bring the governor."

Mrs. Brewster, Priscilla's aunt, is the ancestor of all New England aunts. She may be seen today walking down Tremont Street, Boston in her Educator shoes on her way to S. S. Pierce's, which she pronounces to rhyme with *hearse*. The twentieth century Mrs. Brewster wears a highnecked black silk waist with a chatelaine watch pinned over her left breast and a spot of Gordon's codfish (no bones) over her right. When a little girl she was taken to see Longfellow, Lowell, and Ralph Waldo Emerson; she speaks familiarly of the James boys, but this has no reference to the well-known Missouri outlaws. She was brought up on blueberry cake, Postum, and "The Atlantic Monthly"; she loves the Boston "Transcript", God, and her relatives in Newton Centre. Her idea of a daring joke is the remark Susan Hale made to Edward Everett Hale about sending underwear to the heathen. She once asked Donald Ogden Stewart to dinner with her niece; she didn't think his story about the lady mind reader who read the man's mind and then slapped his face, was very funny; she never asked him again.

The action of this story all takes place in MRS. BREWSTER'S *Plymouth home on two successive June evenings. As the figurative curtain rises* MRS. BREWSTER *is sitting at a desk reading the latest instalment of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs".*

The sound of a clanking sword is heard outside. MRS. BREWSTER *looks up, smiles to herself, and goes on reading. A knock—a timid knock.*

MRS. BREWSTER: Come in.

(Enter CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH, *whiskered and forty. In a later generation, with that imposing mustache and his hatred of Indians, Miles would undoubtedly have been a bank president. At present he seems somewhat ill at ease, and obviously relieved to find only* PRISCILLA'S *aunt at home.)*

MRS. BREWSTER: Good evening, Captain Standish.

MILES: Good evening, Mrs. Brewster. It's—it's cool for June, isn't it?

MRS. BREWSTER: Yes. I suppose we'll pay for it with a hot July, though.

MILES *(nervously):* Yes, but it—it is cool for June, isn't it?

MRS. BREWSTER: So you said, Captain.

MILES: Yes. So I said, didn't I?

(Silence.)

MILES: Mistress Priscilla isn't home, then?

MRS. BREWSTER: Why, I don't think so, Captain. But I never can be sure where Priscilla is.

MILES *(eagerly):* She's a—a fine girl, isn't she? A fine girl.

MRS. BREWSTER: Why, yes. Of course, Priscilla has her faults—but she'd make some man a fine wife—some man who knew how to handle her—an older man, with experience.

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Priscilla Entertains Miles Standish

MILES: Do you really think so, Mrs. Brewster? *(After a minute.)* Do you think Priscilla is thinking about marrying anybody in particular?

MRS. BREWSTER: Well, I can't say, Captain. You know—she's a little wild. Her mother was wild, too, you know—that is, before the Lord spoke to her. They say she used to be seen at the Mermaid Tavern in London with all those play-acting people. She always used to say that Priscilla would marry a military man.

MILES: A military man? Well, now tell me Mrs. Brewster, do you think that a sweet delicate creature like Priscilla—

A VOICE *(in the next room):* Oh DAMN!

MRS. BREWSTER: That must be Priscilla now.

THE VOICE: Auntie!

MRS. BREWSTER: Yes, Priscilla dear.

THE VOICE: Where in hell did you put the vermouth?

MRS. BREWSTER: In the cupboard, dear. I do hope you aren't going to get—er—"boiled" again tonight, Priscilla.

(Enter PRISCILLA, *infinitely radiant, infinitely beautiful, with a bottle of vermouth in one hand and a jug of gin in the other.)*

PRISCILLA: Auntie, that was a dirty

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trick to hide the vermouth. Hello Miles—shoot many Indians today?

MILES: Why—er—er—no, Mistress Priscilla.

PRISCILLA: Wish you'd take me with you next time, Miles. I'd love to shoot an Indian, wouldn't you, auntie?

MRS. BREWSTER: Priscilla! What an idea! And please dear, give auntie Brewster the gin, I—er—promised to take some to the church social tonight and it's almost all gone now.

MILES: I didn't see you at church last night, Mistress Priscilla.

PRISCILLA: Well I'll tell you, Miles. I started to go to church—really felt awfully religious. But just as I was leaving I thought, "Priscilla, how about a drink—just one little drink?" You know, Miles, church goes so much better when you're just a little boiled—the lights and everything just kind of—oh, its glorious. Well last night, after I'd had a little liquor, the funniest thing happened. I felt awfully good, not like church at all—so I just thought I'd take a walk in the woods. And I came to a pool—a wonderful honest-to-God pool—with the moon shining right into the middle of it. So I just undressed and dove in and it was the most marvelous thing in the world. And then I danced on the bank in the grass and the moonlight—oh, Lordy, Miles, you ought to have seen me.

MRS. BREWSTER: Priscilla!

PRISCILLA: 'Scuse me, Auntie Brewster. And then I just lay in the grass and sang and laughed.

MRS. BREWSTER: Dear, you'll catch your death of cold one of these nights. I hope you'll excuse me, Captain Standish; it's time I was going to our social. I'll leave Priscilla to entertain you. Now be a good girl, Priscilla, and please dear don't drink straight vermouth—remember what happened last time. Good night, Captain—good night, dear.

(Exit MRS. BREWSTER *with gin.)*

PRISCILLA: Oh damn! What'll we do, Miles—I'm getting awfully sleepy.

MILES: Why—we might—er—pet a bit.

PRISCILLA *(yawning):* No. I'm too tired—besides, I hate whiskers.

MILES: Yes, that's so, I remember.

(Ten minutes' silence, with MILES *looking sentimentally into the fireplace,* PRISCILLA *curled up in a chair on the other side.)*

MILES: I was—your aunt and I—we were talking about you before you came in. It was a talk that meant a lot to me.

PRISCILLA: Miles, would you mind closing that window?

(MILES *closes the window and returns to his chair by the fireplace.)*

MILES: And your aunt told me that your mother said you would some day marry a military man.

PRISCILLA: Miles, would you mind passing me that pillow over there?

*(*MILES *gets up, takes the pillow to* PRISCILLA *and again sits down by the fire.)*

MILES: And I thought that if you wanted a military man why—well, I've always thought a great deal of you, Mistress Priscilla—and since my Rose died I've been pretty lonely, and while I'm nothing but a rough old soldier yet—well, what I'm driving at is—you see, maybe you and I could sort of—well, I'm not much of a hand at fancy love speeches and all that—but—

(He is interrupted by a snore. He glances up and sees that PRISCILLA *has fallen fast asleep. He sits looking hopelessly into the fireplace for a long time, then gets up, puts on his hat and tiptoes out of the door.)*

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"Speak for Yourself, John."

THE NEXT EVENING

PRISCILLA *is sitting alone, lost in revery, before the fireplace. It is almost as if she had not moved since the evening before.*

A knock, and the door opens to admit JOHN ALDEN, *nonchalant, disillusioned, and twenty-one.*

JOHN: Good evening. Hope I don't bother you.

PRISCILLA: The only people who bother me are women who tell me I'm beautiful and men who don't.

JOHN: Not a very brilliant epigram—but still—yes, you *are* beautiful.

PRISCILLA: Of course, if it's an effort for you to say—

JOHN: Nothing is worthwhile without effort.

PRISCILLA: Sounds like Miles Standish; many things I do without effort are worthwhile; I am beautiful without the slightest effort.

JOHN: Yes, you're right. I could kiss you without any trouble—and that would be worthwhile—perhaps.

PRISCILLA: Kissing me would prove nothing. I kiss as casually as I breathe.

JOHN: And if you didn't breathe—or kiss—you would die.

PRISCILLA: Any woman would.

JOHN: Then you are like other women. How unfortunate.

PRISCILLA: I am like no woman you ever knew.

JOHN: You arouse my curiosity.

PRISCILLA: Curiosity killed a cat.

JOHN: A cat may look at a—Queen.

PRISCILLA: And a Queen keeps cats

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for her amusement. They purr so delightfully when she pets them.

JOHN: I never learned to purr; it must be amusing—for the Queen.

PRISCILLA: Let me teach you. I'm starting a new class tonight.

JOHN: I'm afraid I couldn't afford to pay the tuition.

PRISCILLA: For a few exceptionally meritorious pupils, various scholarships and fellowships have been provided.

JOHN: By whom? Old graduates?

PRISCILLA: No—the institution has been endowed by God—

JOHN: With exceptional beauty—I'm afraid I'm going to kiss you. Now.

(They kiss.)

(Ten minutes pass.)

PRISCILLA: Stop smiling in that inane way.

JOHN: I just happened to think of something awfully funny. You know the reason why I came over here tonight?

PRISCILLA: To see me. I wondered why you hadn't come months ago.

JOHN: No. It's really awfully funny—but I came here tonight because Miles Standish made me promise this morning to ask you to marry him.

Miles is an awfully good egg, really, Priscilla.

PRISCILLA: Speak for yourself, John.

(They kiss.)

PRISCILLA: Again.

JOHN: Again—and again. Oh Lord, I'm gone.

(An hour later JOHN *leaves. As the door closes behind him* PRISCILLA *sinks back into her chair before the fireplace; an hour passes, and she does not move; her aunt returns from the Bradfords' and after a few ineffectual attempts at conversation goes to bed alone; the candles gutter, flicker, and die out; the room is filled with moonlight, gradually bathing in cool splendor the yellow hair of this dreaming goddess—eternal Helen brought over to Puritan New England, an exquisite flower transplanted to a foreign country infinitely rare, infinitely erotic.*)*

*For the further adventures of Priscilla, see F. Scott Fitzgerald's stories in the "Girl With the Yellow Hair" series, notably "This Side of Paradise", "The Offshore Pirate", "The Ice Palace", "Head and Shoulders", "Bernice Bobs Her Hair", and "Benediction".

INVINCIBLE

By Alter Brody

A PIECE of bait
Transfixed upon an iron hook—
She wriggles on and calls it life.
Through body and soul the hook is drawn;
The point is stuck within her heart—
She wriggles on defiantly.

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EUGENE O'NEILL

By Pierre Loving

With a Sketch by Ivan Opffer

AS we sauntered out of the Provincetown Playhouse after the performance of "The Emperor Jones" my friend, the vagrom poet who had traveled about the world as a common seaman in many ships, remarked:

"You know the Buenos Aires waterfront, that motley and populous marine thoroughfare, the Passo de Julio. I had just come from up-country, where I had been hired to boss a gang of Indians stringing a telegraph line across the pampas for a pioneer railroad company. My mates, both whites and redskins, were good fellows all, but I was weary of their crude talk, their oozy sentimentality, and their ribald jests picked up at many camps and ports. In this morose spirit I strolled into a noisy dingy sailors' tavern. The potbellied and exaggeratedly jovial Hollander who ran the place, apparently recognizing a Britisher, welcomed me with a broad, 'How are you, matey?' Grateful to find myself back out of the wilds, I replied upon some wilful impulse with a line of verse from a contemporary poet. The quotation was apt. I've forgotten it now...but I had scarcely finished it when—imagine my amazement—a voice directly behind me, with a civilized stave in it, took it up and continued it. I slewed around and perceived a dark-haired young fellow, strong-shouldered, tanned, and with a black smudge of a mustache circumflexing a fine sensitive mouth. He was clad in something that resembled a compromise between shore and seagoing clothes.

"'You're from the States, aren't you?' I asked.

"'Yes,' he replied with what seemed a nostalgic grin.

"'A sailor?'

"'Ages ago I was one, or so it seems. I've been ashore here about six months.'

"I was quite beside myself. Taking a seat opposite him, I said: 'Can you quote real poetry or...do you write it yourself? I've been aching to talk to someone human for weeks on end.'

"'You haven't been any worse off than I,' he returned. 'For months I've been feeling suicidal for lack of real talk.'

"After this introduction we picked out a table farthest removed from the rattle of the tin-canny piano and talked. How we talked! It was seven in the morning when we rose to leave the place. In the course of the conversation my new-found friend had said his name was O'Neill—Eugene O'Neill—and that his home was in New York."

Since that singular encounter (it was in 1911, I believe) Eugene O'Neill has written three long plays and numerous one-act pieces. He has been pronounced the finest American dramatist writing today. "Beyond the Horizon", produced by Richard Bennett, has been hailed as a truly great play, while "The Emperor Jones" and "Diff'rent" drew large audiences to a Broadway theatre, having been dis-

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patched uptown from the garage-like Provincetown Playhouse on Macdougal Street by a shrewd theatrical entrepreneur.

When my friend, the poet, had brought to a close the rare account of his first meeting with Eugene O'Neill, I retailed my own which came, I dare say, with something of the inutility of a stalemate or an anti-climax. My own first encounter with the author of "Beyond the Horizon" took place no remoter from where I now write than Sixth Avenue. Was it at Luke's (where John Masefield once tended bar) or at another well-known oasis now, alas! deserted since the passage of the Volstead act?

This place used several years ago to be haunted by all sorts of odd characters living in the neighborhood: negroes who brought their banjos along, sailors, and I dare say gangmen of the district. Allured by its variety and richness of color, a handful of painters, novelists, and poets would gather about the shining deal tables of an evening to talk, wholly oblivious of the stone-blue spirals of dense smoke and stale fumes. One evening I dropped into the place with a well-known woman novelist. We had just been talking about several foreign dramatists whose works were not yet familiar to the American public. My companion interrupted her remarks long enough to present me to a group of persons seated about a round-topped table in one corner, whom we joined. We resumed our conversation and I was taken aback when one of the young men belonging to the group launched into a brilliant analysis of the dramatists whom the novelist and I had been leisurely discussing. He told us, I remember, that he had just read the newer men in their original tongue. This man was Eugene O'Neill.

I hold no special brief for the foregoing anecdote. Personally I far prefer that of the poet. I like the romantic touch, the thrill of plain circumstance in a true tale of two literary men, traveling incognito so to speak, coming across each other by pure accident in a strange seaport, with the unresting sea gurgling about the dock-piles almost at their very feet—both eager for intellectual friction, both salt-tanned and sea- or land-weary because they craved something imponderable to meet their needs. These two anecdotes, whatever their intrinsic value, may go some way toward drawing the veil from the mystery of personality that broods over the figure of Eugene O'Neill owing to his self-chosen retirement. He is not, as has been seen, an uncouth sailor nor yet, as one newspaper critic has broadly hinted, a sombre Malvolio derelict with self-pity. He is, above all else, a highly sensitized being, swift and sharp in his responses to his environment, quick to absorb impressions of beauty and vividly abreast of the rumor of his own times. At the time of which I have been speaking O'Neill had already written a number of one-act plays one of which, "Bound East for Cardiff", had been produced by the Provincetown Players on their wharf-stage at Provincetown on the Massachusetts coast. In those days (far days they seem now, although neither of us is old enough to turn his hand to memoir-writing) nobody, outside of a few faithful friends, considered these early pieces worthy of remark. Even among the latter there rose up several doubting Thomases who stated that they lacked vertebra or ganglia or (if they attended dramatic lectures) tautness of form or (if they moved in successful Broadway circles) punch!

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Eugene O'Neill
Sketched by Ivan Opffer

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It was at the Provincetown Playhouse on Macdougal Street that I stumbled, literally stumbled, across O'Neill's maiden volume entitled "Thirst and Other Plays". This collection was brought out—at the author's expense, I suspect—in 1914. One of Susan Glaspell's plays was put into rehearsal and I was saddled with a small part. Upon an exit I accidentally kicked a soiled, much-bedraggled grey tome lying face upward on the floor in the wings. Listlessly I picked it up and noted—with what innocent surprise you may well imagine!—the name of Eugene O'Neill on the title-page. If you will skim through the contents of that early hectic volume, as I did then, your feelings will rise not unmixed, I think. Once they are purged of the first faint amusement or shock, incredulity will follow to drown out all else. At the time it did not seem possible, although in retrospect it is quite clear now, that the man I had but lately met, with his exquisite taste and appreciation of the subtleties of European drama, could have conceived and set down such bloodthirsty and mawkish melodramas as compose this maiden book. These early plays are quite lacking in anything like subtlety; they are ungraced by saving humor; the motivation in almost every case is forced and artificial and betrays unawares what Robert Lynd calls "mechanical malice" on the part of destiny or providence or the playwright.

There can be no doubt that most of these pieces have been passed through a forcing-process of the mind. But the mind here at work gives clear evidence of a deep sincerity. It is searching to find itself and a clarifying viewpoint. Vitality there is in abundance, a clear-glowing vitality lifting from the smolders of a rich reserve. Authentic passion, if we probe beneath the mechanical structure of the plot in this group of plays, will be found close to the root. For once it would seem that one who has unpretendingly followed Stevenson's advice has been led wide astray. "Nice portraiture", he says somewhere, "is not required; and we are content to accept mere abstract types, so they be strongly and sincerely moved." Thus Stevenson with his confident didacticism is not above bogging a young writer who extracts a catechism from his essays. That is precisely what happened to Stevenson himself when he set about following his own advice in the writing of plays.

Typical of the early collection is the title-piece. The scene opens with three people, a "gentleman", a beautiful danseuse, and a West Indian mulatto sailor, adrift on a raft in the Pacific Ocean. All three are dying of thirst. In order to appease the negro who threatens to kill her, the dancer goes through the wild paces of a tarantella and dies from weakness and exhaustion at his feet. The negro loses his balance and topples overboard, dragging the lovesick "gentleman" after him. This play needs no enlarged comment. Most writers go through a stage of preliminary spadework which, if dragged into the searching light of day, might betray an amateurish and inchoate touch. This holds true for men of large calibre such as Balzac and Whitman, Keats, Burns, and Mark Twain.

O'Neill's native impulses toward the theatre were started off quite early, in fact when he was a mere child. It is curious, and perhaps not so curious after all in the light of the ambivalence of human emotions, that the one American who has successfully broken through the old molds of the theatre should have been born in the very at-

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mosphere of the theatre. His father was James O'Neill, the celebrated actor. James O'Neill, when Eugene was a small lad, used to wander about the country giving "The Count of Monte Cristo" before every kind of audience. Up to the age of seven Eugene traveled about with his father and mother and lived mainly in hotels and boarding houses. This involuntary vagabondage at the most impressionable age may—certainly it is less humorous than it sounds—have sharpened Eugene's subsequent wanderthirst. Away back the instinct, although not the zest of course, must have been deeply implanted. This disposition to wander footloose about the world has persisted until this day. Sometimes it is held in tense abeyance by O'Neill, only to return in a flood of irresistible longing.

Young O'Neill was later on put to school. He attended successively De La Salle Institute, Betts Academy, and Princeton University. This last he left after a minor clash with the authorities. In 1909 he departed for San Francisco in order to join a mining engineer who was then setting out on a gold-prospecting venture to the Spanish Honduras. Hopeful and elated, they traveled south and entered Central America. They had not penetrated very far, however, when O'Neill contracted tropical fever which disabled him completely and made it impossible for him to push on with his friend. Readers of "Gold" and "Where the Cross is Made" will recognize in this incident the origin of both plays.

Shortly after his return to New York, which was unduly hastened by his illness, O'Neill was employed as assistant stage manager to the "White Sister" company in which his father, supported by William Farnum and Viola Allen, was then being starred. Near the end of the theatrical season, so rumor has it, he discovered "The Nigger of the Narcissus", that most powerful atmospheric novel of the sea by Joseph Conrad which has been the whip-lash of creativeness to so many writers about the sea. O'Neill harkened to the still small voice of romance alluring through the pages of Conrad's book, and the heaving beauty of the sea, so lyrically portrayed by the Pole, with all its kelp of thronging legends and tales, stirred uneasily in his blood. He longed to put out to sea. Thus a casual finding of "The Nigger of the Narcissus" may be said to have given the immediate bent to the prevailing note in his creative output. I have never heard O'Neill deny that Conrad's novel wrought a lasting and deep-rooted influence upon his life and work. As in the case of William McFee, the book may have acted as a quick lashing wind-blow, driving the restless tides of creativeness into a definite channel. At all events, he at once got a berth on a Norwegian barque sailing from Boston to Buenos Aires, sixty-five days out. When he arrived in Buenos Aires he cut loose from the ship and secured employment with the Westinghouse Electric Company, and, when he wearied of that, he attached himself to the Swift Packing Plant at La Plata. Later he returned to Buenos Aires and found work with the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

Was it the ferment of the sea that again began to work like new wine in his veins? Was it the waste spaces of rocking water, green merging subtly into pale and deeper blue, that beckoned him on? Or was it merely the incorrigible wanderer's hunger for new ports, stranger colors, and remote-mannered folk? It is hard to say.

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Anyway, he signed up aboard a cattle steamer carrying a cargo of mules to Durban, South Africa. He shipped back on the same boat and, finding himself without funds and jobless, turned beachcomber for a space until he found a skipper of a tramp steamer who was willing to take him on. This time the destination was New York by way of Trinidad. Several other voyages, some picturesque and others prosaic, are yet to be accounted for ere we find him playing a small part in vaudeville with his father. In 1914 he worked as a reporter on the New London (Connecticut) "Morning Telegraph". It was in the course of this year that his first volume of plays, mentioned above, was brought out. After a brief career of newspaper work, which embraced the writing of special articles and the conducting of a humorous column, he matriculated at Harvard Workshop 47, which has proved both nourishment as well as downright bad diet to many promising playwrights.

II

"Bound East for Cardiff", one of the earliest of O'Neill's one-act plays, coming, however, later than those included in his maiden volume, was presented at Provincetown in 1914. In 1916, upon the opening of the Provincetown Playhouse on Macdougal Street, it was produced again. "Before Breakfast", a study in suicide, was also given, O'Neill himself playing the part of the husband. This play was subsequently published separately. In 1917, with short intervals between, "The Smart Set" printed several of O'Neill's one-act pieces. Thus by a peculiar stroke of irony, George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken, two critics who are frequently taxed with a distinct un-American bias in matters literary and artistic, were actually responsible for the introduction of Eugene O'Neill to a wider and more general public. 1919 witnessed the appearance of "The Moon of the Caribbees", which contains between its covers besides the title-play, "Bound East for Cardiff", "The Long Voyage Home", "In the Zone", "Ile", "Where the Cross is Made", and "The Rope". All these plays had already been accorded stage production by the Provincetown Players, the Washington Square Players, the Greenwich Village Players, and other groups. At the moment of writing "Gold" has been withdrawn after a half-hearted production, while "The Straw" and "The Ole Davil" are announced for the fall.

At present O'Neill lives in Provincetown, in the old Peaked Hill Bar Life Saving Station on the outer ocean coast of Cape Cod. This structure was remodeled and made habitable by Maurice Sterne and Robert Edmond Jones, both notable artists. In a recent letter to the writer, O'Neill described this old dwelling as follows:

> The interiors of the buildings were left practically unchanged, however. They still preserve their old sea flavor. The stairs are like companionways of a ship. There are lockers everywhere. An immense open fireplace. The big boat room, now our living room, still has the steel fixtures in the ceiling from which one of the boats was slung. The look-out station on the roof is the same as when the coast guards spent their eternal two-hour vigils there. The exteriors of the buildings are as weather-beaten as the bulwarks of a derelict. The glass in the windows is ground frosty by the flying sands of the winter storms.
>
> The place has come to mean a tremendous lot to me. I feel a true kinship and harmony with life out there. Sand and sun and sea and wind —you merge into them, and become as meaningless and as full of meaning as they are. There is always the monotone of surf on the bar—a background for silence—and you *know* that you are alone—so alone you wouldn't be ashamed to do any good action. You can walk or swim along the beach for miles, and meet only the dunes—Sphinxes muffled in their yellow robes with paws deep in the sea.

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III

Whether or not O'Neill is indebted to Joseph Conrad for giving the bent to his creative instincts, is a matter of small moment. Still it is always interesting to make comparisons, which simply goes to show that criticism is fully as inventive as fiction, and not seldom this is its only excuse for existence. In the case of Conrad and O'Neill, setting aside the difference of artistic method, certain outstanding points of resemblance, as well as of divergence, may profitably be dwelt upon. First of all, both men, having followed the calling of the sea, do homage after their kind to the immortal mistress. It is a little less than accurate, and something more than true, that both are fascinated by the wide wealth of waters; both may be figured as swaying emotionally in unison with the tidal law and cadence of its being. Even now, when it may be presumed he has completely found himself and put to rest the wandering tumult in his breast, O'Neill shows himself to be of the tribe of Captain Anthony in "Chance": aforetime followers of the sea who cannot break with it entirely, who cannot isolate themselves too far inland, but must needs dwell within earshot of the slow rise and relapse of its tides. Like Conrad, moreover, O'Neill appears to hold (and his work fully reveals it) that "the true peace of God begins a thousand miles away from the nearest land", that the born seafarer is wrought upon by an overwhelming sense of unreal displacement on shore. There is, for example, a scenic kinship between the opening pages of "The Nigger of the Narcissus" and the stage directions of "The Moon of the Caribbees", although the latter is pitched in a somewhat lower key, while the mood of course is quite diverse.

In both instances we are introduced to the deck of a vessel about to set sail. In "The Nigger of the Narcissus" the note struck is one of shrill bustle and the clangorous coil of loading; liberty men and fresh hands arrive in shore boats rowed by white-clad Asiatics. Above the hellish noise hovers the feverish obligato of chaffering, accompanied by shrieks of impotent rage voiced in an alien tongue. The setting, as I have said, is practically the same. But how different the atmosphere that enfolds the British tramp steamer "Glencairn", at anchor off an island in the West Indies! Almost at once we are made aware of a mood patterned of placid moonlight and soft tropical allure. The movement of the play is crescendo, and the golden thread of the theme, Smithy's penetrating homesickness, leaps out at intervals like broken lightning, poised above the harsh interplay of brute passions loosed in the foreground. "The Long Voyage Home" touches a favorite theme with O'Neill, the abrupt frustration of an overmastering craving or impulse. More specifically—and in this it recalls "Bound East for Cardiff"—it sounds the note of a sailor's unsatisfied longing for home, for the brown ridged furrows of a farm, for the sight of fixed stars uncut by a swinging mast. "In the Zone" is a war play, but there is little of the war in it except as an undertone to the action. The real interest, or emotional value, may be said properly to begin after the theatrical climax. It is in the anti-climax that O'Neill builds up a compact picture of the way in which homely sentiment, suddenly discovered, acts upon the souls of seafaring men.

"Gold", as has been indicated, is an enlarged version of "Where the Cross is Made". Yet an undercurrent of

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irony, missed in the shorter piece, lifts the play above the plane of a mere incisive study of the collapse of a fine mind; it envelops the character of Captain Bartlett with the sadness of a futile heroism. As we pass from act to act, from scene to scene, we grow aware by degrees that the plot has been spun in advance by a higher power: the dice are loaded, and the memorable lonely figure is in reality grappling with fate.

"Ile" is one of the most compelling of O'Neill's short plays because the tragic conflict rises from the inevitableness of character. In Captain Keeney we have a sharp portrait of a simple rugged type of man who is possessed with an unwavering singleness of idea—fidelity to his chosen calling. He is swayed for a brief moment from his aim by the pathetic half-crazed pleading of his wife, but only for a moment. She goes mad, and he suffers intensely. Yet when the mate announces a school of whales ahead, he chokes back his emotion, masters himself, and goes on deck to command the haul. Fidelity to himself, fidelity to the thing which is greater than himself because it absorbs his whole being, is the bone and sinew of Captain Keeney's character. In the bleak white stillness of the ice fields his wife loses her mind; but this is now beyond repair and duty lies ahead. Can anything be simpler and yet more dramatic than this situation?

"The Dreamy Kid" presents a study of another sort of fidelity, a young negro's fidelity to the memory of his sick mother at a moment when he is being sought by the police for murder. But this play is chiefly interesting because in some ways it anticipates "The Emperor Jones". The latter is a remorseless analysis of what a modern psychologist might call the inferiority complex and infantile memory. "Beyond the Horizon", which won the Pulitzer prize in June, 1920, for the best American play produced in a New York theatre, is an uncompromising projection of temperamental displacement. In his later plays O'Neill shows a distinct tendency toward psychological revelation, and one of the best examples of this later method is "The Emperor Jones".

In "The Emperor Jones" the playwright gave proof that he could carry a difficult psychological theme to its logical and appointed conclusion. Episodic the play may be but this is on set purpose, for the series of notable episodes unfolds not only the concentrated history of one man, but the poignant chronicle of a whole race. The character drawing is natural and subtle, while the motif of the play (for if ever a play had a motif this one has) is seizing and provocative. I have heard it said, although not by the critics of the press, that the theme is psychologically unsound; that the theory of reversion to type in a literal sense has been discarded in favor of more recent findings in experimental psychology. Regression, it is asserted, can reach no farther back than the memory of the child or prenatal impressions. This may be so, but it is extremely doubtful that O'Neill meant to dramatize the theory of reversion to type or, as it is sometimes called, racial memory. What O'Neill had in mind, I believe, was something very much simpler, something less pathological, something more artistic than scientific. Under the icy hand of immense terror, the negro Jones, ruling his little island with the frowsy pomp of a semi-savage potentate, gradually strips off the outward trappings of his artificial station and goes through a merciless disintegration of pride and

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courage, becoming as a mere child who has overheard, in a dark room, horrible, whispered tales of the clotted history of his race. Fear is a great solvent. Fear has the power to waylay all false and lordly vanities and self-persuasions. Under its transforming touch all men are instinctively forced back to childlike levels. While this is the theme of "The Emperor Jones", the dialogue, the progression of the action, and the character drawing make the play burn with a pure glow of vitality that is all-absorbing.

The ending of "Diff'rent" has excited a good deal of imperfect comment. It has been urged that the double suicide is unnecessary and comes with something of a shock. Caleb, to be sure, might have booked a long voyage in order to drown the gnawing pang at his heart. Emma, finding herself, stripped of vital illusions, unscrupulously gulled by a young scapegrace, might alone have put an end to her misery. On the other hand, it is well to remember that sailors as a class are amazingly sentimental. Caleb had waited thirty years only to see Emma throw herself away on his ne'er-do-well nephew. Conrad has given us the character of Lord Jim who pursued an ideal of romantic honor with intense sentimental pathos. In "The Rescue" Tom Lingard is obsessed with a chivalrous notion that would be laughable if practised on shore.

O'Neill's vision of life is relentless, and it is this that probably moved him to introduce the tuberculosis element in "Beyond the Horizon". Eileen Carmody, too, in "The Straw", is a helpless victim of tuberculosis. You ask: "Can tuberculosis be made dramatic?" Theories in themselves, uttered abstractly and arrived at deductively, are of little or no avail in the theatre, and ultimately die of their own inanition. "The Straw", however, answers that question fully and I dare say will set to rest all doubts on the subject when it is produced in the fall. For in Eileen Carmody, fighting the ravaging white plague, we have a beautiful and moving dramatic figure. The play is sombre up to the last act, when it is illumined by the gleam of a transfiguring hope.

Given a writer who betrays such close and naked contact with reality as does Eugene O'Neill, it is idle, or banal, to talk of optimism or pessimism. Conrad is ironical; Dostoyevsky is insurgent and anti-social; so is Balzac who poured out in rich abundance his vitriolic scorn of modern civilization. We have come to that point in the growth of language, if not in criticism, where the words *pessimism* and *optimism*, taken by themselves, are utterly bare of intrinsic value, like debased coinage. These expressions, apparently, stand for a muddled confusion of ideas. What we are more eager to learn about a writer who commands our interest and admiration, is whether or not he has clothed himself with a self-directed viewpoint. Perhaps universal vision is the more apt phrase. At all events, vision or viewpoint, it is born of the deepest impulses of human nature, starting up from the energized expression of the whole personality of the writer. I do not think that O'Neill has as yet achieved such a view of the sum of things; he has shown himself to be plastic and tentative, although his tentative period may well have stopped with "The Emperor Jones", "Diff'rent", and "Gold". So far he has touched on a rich variety of themes: on fidelity to duty, temperamental displacement, and, time and time again, on ironic frustration. Irony appears to be per-

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vasive with him. Until we come to "Beyond the Horizon", "The Emperor Jones", "Gold", and "Diff'rent", however, the note of irony is superhuman and exterior to the dynamic will of the characters. There is a touch of cold fatalism about it. In "The Emperor Jones", in "Beyond the Horizon", and in "Diff'rent", on the other hand, it is made human, it is particularized and given, so to say, a local temperamental bearing. Thus in his later plays the tragic conflict is real and worthwhile; the exercise of human will may produce grief, but at least it has an even chance with events. If O'Neill follows this line of development, it may safely be predicted that, as in "The Emperor Jones", the purely theatrical element in his plays will be wisely merged with the complex beauty and sublimity of human character.

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CARELESS

By George Sterling

BEYOND the purple bay
The drowsy winds awaken to delay.
Spring, a world-spirit, dips
In pure turquoise her lips,
And blows the bubble of a cloudless day.

Poppy and rose declare
Our kinship in the league of earth and air.
The petals pushed apart
Are somehow in my heart,
And the far bird sings passionately there.

Now for awhile I blend
With all that sea and skies and land may lend,
Accepting at its worth
The dear mirage of earth—
Too wise to question here its aim or end.

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MR. DEMPSEY'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF

By Heywood Broun

IT is hardly fair to expect Jack Dempsey to take literature very seriously. How, for instance, can he afford to pay much attention to George Bernard Shaw who declared just before the fight that Carpentier could not lose and ought to be quoted at odds of fifty to one? From the point of view of Dempsey, then, creative evolution, the superman and all the rest, are the merest moonshine. He might well take the position that since Mr. Shaw was so palpably wrong about the outcome of the fight two days before it happened, it scarcely behooves anybody to pay much attention to his predictions as to the fate of the world and mankind two thousand years hence.

Whatever the reason, Jack Dempsey does not read George Bernard Shaw much. But he has heard of him. When some reporter came to Dempsey a day or so before the fight and told him that Shaw had fixed fifty to one as the proper odds on Carpentier, the champion made no comment. The newspaper gossiper, disappointed of his sensation, asked if Dempsey had ever heard of Shaw and the fighter stoutly maintained that he had. The examination went no further but it is fair to assume that Dempsey did know the great British sporting writer. It was not remarkable that he paid no attention to his prediction. Dempsey would not even be moved much by a prediction from Hughie Fullerton.

In other words literature and life are things divorced in Dempsey's mind. He does read. The first time we ever saw Dempsey he discussed books with not a little interest. He was not at his training quarters when we arrived but his press agent showed us about—a singularly reverential man this press agent. "This", he said, and he seemed to lower his voice, "is the bed where Jack Dempsey sleeps." All the Louises knew better beds and so did Lafayette even when a stranger in a strange land. Washington himself fared better in the midst of war. Nor can it be said that there was anything very compelling about the room in which Dempsey slept. It had air but not much distinction. There were just two pictures on the wall. One represented a heavy surf upon an indeterminate but rather rockbound coast and the other showed a lady asleep with cupids hovering about her bed. Although the thought is erotic the artist had removed all that in the execution.

Much more striking was the fact that upon a chair beside the bed of Dempsey lay a couple of books and a magazine. It was not THE BOOKMAN but "Photo Play". The books were "The Czar's Spy" by William Le Queux, "The Spoilers" by Rex Beach, and at least one other western novel which we have unfortunately forgotten. It was, as we remember it, the Luck of the Lazy Something or Other. The press agent said that Jack read quite a little and pointed to the read-

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ing light which had been strung over his bed. He then went on to show us the clothes closet and the bureau of the champion to prove that he was no slave to fashion. We can testify that only one pair of shoes in the room had grey suède tops. Then we saw the kitchen and were done.

There had been awe in the tones of the conductor from the beginning. "Jack's going to have roast lamb for dinner tonight," he announced in an awful hush. Even as we went out he could not resist lowering his voice a little as he said, "This is the hat rack. This is where the champion puts his hat." We had gone only fifty yards away from the house when a big brown limousine drew up. "That", said the press agent, and this time we feared that he was going to die, "is Jack Dempsey himself."

The preparation had been so similar to the first act of "Enter Madame" that we expected temperament and gesture from the star. He put us wholly at ease by being much more frightened than anyone in the visiting party. As somebody has said somewhere, "Any mouse can make this elephant squeal." Jack Dempsey is decidedly a timid man and we found later that he was a gentle one. He answered, "Yes sir" and "No sir" at first. If we had his back and shoulders we'd have a civil word for no man. By and by he grew a little more at ease and somebody asked him what he read. He was not particularly strong on the names of books and he always forgot the author, which detracts somewhat from this article as a guide for readers. There were almost three hundred books at his disposal, since his training quarters had once been an aviation camp. These were the books of the fliers. Practically all the popular novelists and short story writers were represented. We remember seeing several titles by Mary Roberts Rinehart, Irvin Cobb, Zane Grey, Rupert Hughes, and Rex Beach. Older books were scarce. The only one we noticed was "A Tale of Two Cities". This Dempsey had not read. Perhaps Jack Kearns advised against it on account of the possible disturbing psychological effects of the chapter with all the counting.

Dempsey said he had devoted most of his time to western novels. When questioned he admitted that he did not altogether surrender himself to them. "I was a cowboy once for a while," he said. "There's a lot of hoakum in those books." But when pressed as to what he really liked his face did light up and he even remembered the name of the book. "There was one book I've been reading," he burst out; "it's a fine book. It's called 'The Czar's Spy'."

"Perhaps", suggested Ruth Hale of the visiting party, "a grand duke would say there was a lot of hoakum in that."

Dempsey was not to be deterred by any such higher criticism. Never having been a grand duke, he did not worry about the accuracy of the story. It was in a field far apart from life. That we gathered was his idea of the proper field for fiction. In life Dempsey is a stern realist. It is only in reading that he is romantic. A more impressionable man would have been disturbed by the air of secrecy which surrounded the camp of Carpentier. That never worried Dempsey. He prepared himself and never thought up contingencies. He did not even like to talk fight. None of us drew him out much about boxing. Somebody told him that Jim Corbett had reported that when he first met Carpentier he had been vastly tempted

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to make a feint at the Frenchman to see whether or not he would fall into a proper attitude of defense.

"Yes," giggled Dempsey, "and it would have been funny if Carp had busted him one on the chin." This seemed to him an extraordinarily humorous conceit and he kept chuckling over it every now and then. While he was in this good humor somebody sounded him out as to what he would do if he lost; or rather the comment was made that an old time fighter, once a champion, was now coming back to the ring and had declared that he was as good as he ever was.

"Why shouldn't he?" said Dempsey just a little sharply. "Nobody wants to see a man that says he isn't as good as he used to be."

"Would you say that?" he was asked.

"Well," said Dempsey, and this time he reflected a little, "it would all depend on how I was fixed. If I needed the money I would. I'd use all the old alibis."

We liked that frankness and we liked Dempsey again when somebody wanted to know how he could possibly say anything in the ring during the fight to "get the goat of Carpentier". "We ain't nearly well enough acquainted for that," said Dempsey and we gathered that he was of the opinion that you must know a man pretty well before you can insult him. The champion is not a man to whom one would look for telling rejoinders, though he has needed them often enough in the last year and a half. Criticism has hurt him, for he is not insensitive. He is merely inarticulate. This must have been the reason which prompted some sporting writers to feel that he would come into the ring whipped and down from the fact that he had been able to make no reply to all the charges brought against him. It did not work out that way. Dempsey did have a means of expression and he used it. There is no logic in force and yet a man can say, "Is that so?" with his fists. Dempsey said it. As the Freudians have it, fighting is his "escape". Decidedly he is a man with an inferiority complex. But for his boxing skill he would need literature badly. As it is he does not need to read about hairbreadth escapes. He has them, such as in the second round of the fight on Boyle's Thirty Acres. In summing up we can only add that as yet literature has had no large effect upon the life of Jack Dempsey.

But what does Carpentier read? That we must confess was part of our assignment. We have nothing to report. The challenger was in secret training throughout. Evidently his trainers hoped to worry Dempsey by not letting him know whether Carpentier was with Racine or Paul de Kock. And all the time Dempsey was sticking to "The Czar's Spy" and worrying not at all. We don't know then whether or not Carpentier is interested in literature or influenced by it, but the drama has made him. He is drama. No piece of acting was ever so perfect as the tragedy which Carpentier played in Jersey City. We liked Dempsey but no sooner had Carpentier come into the ring than we began to cheer him and kept it up. The crowd cheered him when he took off his bathrobe, when he was photographed, when he almost knocked Dempsey down, and when he was himself knocked down. Leaving the ring a little later, he was cheered as no other beaten fighter has ever been cheered in America.

We wish every young American playwright who is about to write a tragedy had seen the fight. They

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would realize then that the school founded by Eugene O'Neill is based on a misconception of the spirit of tragedy. It does not lie in the fact that man is small and helpless in the hands of fate which outclasses him in reach and in weight. The tragic fact is that man is almost good enough to win in his inspired moments. He can rock fate but he cannot down it. That is the pity of the struggle. But come to think of it there is nothing so terribly sorrowful in tragedy after all. Fate, like Jack Dempsey, wins the title; but the gesture remains with man, the light heavyweight. As he goes down he hears no slow toll of numbers. All that is drowned out by the cheering.

THE PASSIONATE SWORD

By Jean Starr Untermeyer

TEMPER my spirit, oh Lord,
Burn out its alloy,
And make it a pliant steel for thy wielding,
Not a clumsy toy,
A blunt, iron thing in my hands
That blunder and destroy.

Temper my spirit, oh Lord,
Keep it long in the fire;
Make it one with the flame. Let it share
That up-reaching desire.
Grasp it thyself, oh my God;
Swing it straighter and higher!

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LITERARY PORTRAITS: FIVE

VACHEL LINDSAY

VACHEL is ruddy, sandy-haired, middle-sized, with eyes the color of a green twilight and pale eyebrows surmounted by two remarkable bumps. According to my phrenology, one of these bumps represents love of Springfield, Illinois, and the other love of a square meal with plenty of talk. He is always perfectly shaven, wears very neat machine-made clothes and black stub-toed shoes. First he bows very low, with excessive politeness; then he throws his head back, like a lion at bay, to show that no matter who you are, he is not afraid of you. When he is excited, he closes his eyelids and pushes his ecstatic phiz toward you. There is something delightfully elvish about him.

Vachel has endured as much adulation, female twitter, and homage as any other five American poets. He is the only living American poet who has been lionized in England. None of this business can spoil him: he is permanently simple, and permanently shrewd and sane; there is not a gram of bunk in him. He has a startling sense of humor: when he laughs, the neighborhood echoes. He gets on well with everybody, particularly those who know the way to the nearest icebox. He is a glorious guest. He will play games on the floor with the children, give a hand in the dishwashing, yell with laughter, and talk Oriental philosophy by the fireside until dawn.

He likes a nap in the middle of the day, and is always wondering what the next Adventure is going to be. He talks of going into politics. He is a mixture of Puck and Oliver Cromwell.

Christopher Morley

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BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

With Sketches by the Author

A PLAYWRIGHT of our acquaintance once told us never to forget that people always bring their holiday minds to the theatre. They do not come to see a play, they come to see a show. He estimated the average mental age of the average theatre audience at about eleven years, and to prove it pointed out that if "Hazel Kirke" or "A Trip to Chinatown" or almost any of the big American stage successes of the past had been written out as novels, the publishers would have classified them under Juvenile Fiction. This playwright said that a remark he once overheard after a highbrow play had done him more good than all the dramatic criticism he had ever read. The man behind him said, "I don't see any sense in paying two-fifty just to sit and think."

Our friend's view was probably held by most practical men of the theatre five years ago. But a number of things have happened to the land of the free since then. For one thing the income tax laws, according to a Harvard professor, are making us a nation of liars. More interesting, however, is the fact that these laws and a dozen or so other national ills are making us a nation of knockers. We brood on our national afflictions and talk about them, and most important of all, we think about them. It was to be expected that sooner or later we should bring this impassioned thoughtfulness to the books we read and the plays we see. Is that why we don't mind thinking even in the theatre now?

We wonder if "Inheritors" by Susan Glaspell, revived by the Provincetown Players, may not be regarded as a first symptom that this thoughtful indignation is really creeping into our literature by way of the stage. "Inheritors" attempts a big thing, possibly too big a thing, but the attempt was worth making. The inheritors, presumably, are the present-day generation of Americans, and the play is full of indignation for the way they have squandered the heritage left them by the pioneers who suffered and fought and dreamed to bring a land of freedom into being. It is rather a magnificent theme, and the great American play might have been written around it. But Miss Glaspell feels it too hotly. Her indignation chokes her, and she gives the impression often of merely sputtering. If she could have distilled this flaming resentment into a story which on its own account would have fired the imagination (as Galsworthy did in "Justice"), she would have written a memorable play, and she would have given much greater force to her gospel of rebellion. But "Inheritors" is a first attempt on our stage in a genre we know little of. Miss Glaspell, like the pioneers in her play, was hacking out a clearing in a pretty dense forest. She might have cut a path through, but

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she tried to clear it all away at once. That was too big a job for one evening.

The play begins back in 1879 when old Silas Morton refuses to sell the hill behind his house. He dimly feels that this land, wrenched from the Indians by his father, is really his only in trust, that somehow he must enrich it and hand it on to those unborn inheritors who will reap the fruits of his labor and privation.

The best that's been thought and said in the world, that's what that hill is for! Don't you see it? End of our trail, we climb a hill and plant a college. Plant a college, so's after we're gone that college says for us, says for people learning has made more than us: "This is why we took this land!"

And in this rugged pioneer spirit the college is founded.

In 1920 Fejevary, the president of the Board of Trustees, is trying to talk an appropriation out of a State Senator whose professional Americanism is stirred to eloquence by the story of Morton College. "Oh, our pioneers!" he booms. "To have begun life in this state! If they could see us now and realize what they did!" That is merely a preliminary hook to the chin; with the appearance of Fejevary's son, Horace, Miss Glaspell warms to her work.

FEJEVARY. But what are you doing in the library? I thought this was a day off.

HORACE. I'm looking for the speeches of Abraham Lincoln.

SENATOR. You couldn't do better.

HORACE. I'll show these dirty dagos where they get off. I'll sick the Legion on them. This foreign element gets my goat.

SENATOR. My boy, you talk like an American. But what do you mean—dagos?

Fejevary explains that there are three Hindu students in the college who insist on preaching the gospel of freedom for India, which Horace regards as treason to "our ally, England". The Hindus have quoted Abraham Lincoln to support their argument, which impertinence has appalled Horace. He finds the volume of Lincoln's speeches but receives a jolt.

HORACE. Say this must be a misprint. *(Reads.)* "This country with its institutions belongs to the people who inhabit it." Well, that's all right. "Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it,"—I suppose that's all right, but listen!—"or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it!"

DUDLEY DIGGES

No matter how many character portraits he adds to his already well-stocked gallery, it will be as the spineless Jimmy Caesar in "John Ferguson" that he will be pleasantly remembered.

SENATOR. He was speaking in another age, an age of different values.

HORACE. I'll tell them that. But, Gee—Lincoln ought-a been more careful what he said.

Madeleine Morton, granddaughter of Silas, is the only one who has inherited the old pioneer's fierce idealism; and when Horace and one of the Hindus get into a row on the campus she strikes the policeman who tries to arrest the Hindu. And Madeleine, "a member of the fine old Morton family", is marched off to the police station. Fejevary secures her release but she is impenitent, and declares that she will put up her own money to protect the Hindus from legal persecution.

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FEJEVARY. Are you crazy? What are these people to you?

MADELEINE. They're people from the other side of the world who came here believing in us. Lured from the far side of the world by the things we say about ourselves. Well I'm going to pretend—just for fun—that the things we say about ourselves are true.

FEJEVARY. You are going against the spirit of your country. With or without money that can't be done.

MADELEINE. I thought America was a democracy.

FEJEVARY. We have just fought a great war for democracy.

MADELEINE. Well, is that any reason for not having it?

Madeleine gets into real trouble with the custodians of Americanism and, though prison stares her in the face, she refuses to compromise. And as her grandfather gave away his hill so that he might "one day lie under the sod with the red boys and not be ashamed", so his granddaughter goes to prison that she may "one day lie under the sod with Grandfather Morton—and not be ashamed".

It is rumored that "Inheritors" is to be produced in a Broadway playhouse next season. In that event we are going to get up a box party and invite A. Mitchell Palmer, Thaddeus C. Sweet, and Ole Hansen as our guests.

But this pained discovery that we are not the best of all possible people in the best of all possible lands, has as yet found no very adequate expression either in our fiction or drama. "Inheritors" may be regarded as a beginning, but its grievous faults as a play, we fear, condemn it to little groups of serious thinkers. We have as yet aired no specific native grievances in our drama in the sense that specific British grievances were aired by Galsworthy in "Justice" and "Strife" and "The Mob", by Shaw in "John Bull's Other Island" and "Major Barbara" and "Heartbreak House", by Granville Barker in "Waste". We are hungry for just such indignant plays as these in this country now. We have found a place on our stage at last for plays purged of sentimentality, plays that unflinchingly face reality of the grimmest sort—and we have learned to like them. Like the new converts we are we have flogged ourselves with inspiring fervor in the theatre.

Eugene O'Neill has been the high priest of this new asceticism. He has actually had more plays produced this season than any other American playwright. That is well, for the mood of intellectual sincerity which he has done much to encourage in the theatre was necessary before any drama of honest indignation could emerge—though how much he had to do with fostering the mood and how much the mood had to do with fostering him, would be difficult to say.

To make his latest play, "Gold"*, there can be little doubt that he took his one-act play, "Where the Cross is Made", and tried to remember what it was that led up to it. But his memory, we think, fails him rather badly. He is clear on how it started, down on a sun-scorched coral island in the South Seas, just after Captain Isaiah Bartlett and his shipwrecked crew find a chest of pirate loot. All his life the old skipper has nursed a secret passion for buried treasure, and he is thrown into a fury when the ship's cook tells him, "This ain't gold. It's brass and junk—not worth a damn!" The captain and the three other members of the crew, all half crazed with sun and thirst, are convinced that this cook and his companion, the cabin boy, have hatched a plot to steal the treasure. When the rescuing schooner is sighted they discuss the advisability of knifing them. Jimmy, the Kanaka islander, stands by ready. The cap-

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tain says nothing, but the savage, looking closely at his set face, seems to read the silent command there. He draws his knife and slinks slowly away. The three men, motionless, their eyes on the treasure, wait in silence.

The sharp cry from the cook pierces the stillness, and then comes the cabin boy's shrill dying scream. For a moment the three men remain dazed by what they have done.

HORNE *(hoarsely)*. It's done, Captain.
BARTLETT. I spoke no word, remember that, Silas Horne. *I spoke no word.*

After this colorful first act O'Neill means to tell the story of how the old skipper is bedeviled into madness by the twin obsession of gold lust and blood guilt which fastens on him. The trouble is he doesn't tell that story. The ensuing two acts shed little light on the storm in the captain's soul which batters his reason to pieces. We are taken to old Bartlett's boathouse on the California coast and there, for two long acts, his wife is permitted to "hound" him. She has pieced together the story of the island crime, and never for a moment lets him forget he is a murderer. You almost get the impression that it is more his nagging wife than his nagging conscience that fells him. This is a gross injustice to an old man who suffered real mental torment, and had as good reason as anyone ever had for going insane.

However, the last act is warmed with the strange fire that O'Neill has at his best. If the story of the old skipper's self-torture had really been told, this act would have swept it to an overwhelming tragic conclusion. The captain's hair has whitened, his reason is quite gone. He has been prevented from returning to the island for his treasure; the schooner he fitted out for the trip has sailed without him. Word has come months since that she is wrecked, but in his madness he lives only for her return. Night and day he keeps his hopeless watch. On the roof above the little room you hear his tireless footsteps and occasionally his wild hail, "Sarah Allen, ahoy!" So powerful is his obsession that it has infected his son, Nat. There is a curious, keen chill to the scene where the two men, father and son, lash themselves into the hallucination that the "Sarah Allen" will make port that night, that she is at the moment actually outside in the harbor. Feverishly Bartlett drags his son to the window.

BARTLETT. What did I tell ye? D'ye believe now she'll come back? D'ye credit your own eyes?
NAT *(a possessed expression coming over his face)*. Eyes? I looked. I didn't see—
BARTLETT. Ye lie! The Sarah Allen, ye blind fool, come back from the Southern Seas as I swore she must! Loaded with gold as I swore she would be! Makin' port! Droppin' anchor as I hailed her—a red and a green at the mainm'sthead!

Under the spell of the stronger will the boy peers again out over the deserted harbor. He turns a drawn, dazed face. "A red and a green," he whispers, "as clear as day!"

Susan finds her brother and father in this state and, terrified lest the boy also lose his reason, she begs her father to tell him that there is no treasure, no gold. Old Bartlett makes an agonized struggle to get hold of his reason. He pulls a studded anklet out of his pocket and weakly holds it out to his son.

BARTLETT. Ye'll tell me, boy—if it's gold or no. I've had it by me all this time—but I've been afeerd to show—
NAT *(after staring at it and biting it)*. Why it's brass, of course! The cheapest kind of junk—not worth a damn!

The dream of his life destroyed, the old skipper feebly tears up the map he

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made of his treasure's hiding place. His reason flickers back for a moment, but it is too late. He slumps over the table, dead.

WILLARD MACK

Who put aside the william harts of the Northwest Mounted Police and donned a white mustache long enough to give the best performance of his career as the mad skipper in "Gold".

These two plays, taken together, are interesting. Vastly different as they are in spirit, they seem to us to have a common fault. In neither of them is the story given absolute right of way. Indeed this is a fault all too frequently found in what drama we have had that takes itself and its audience seriously. Perhaps it is because our playwrights, when they decide that they will not write merely to wheedle the public, are still too conscious that they are setting an example. In sweeping the happy ending out through the stage door and into the alley they forget that, even in a "serious" play, the story is the thing. The people must be people and their adventures must be adventures. No matter what profound considerations of human futility or Americo-Prussianism we bring into our plays, the theatre must always be a place of make-believe. A play should always begin with "once upon a time"—even though it end with "and they loathed each other till the judgment day".

That is why we like "John Ferguson"*, another revival of the month. We like the unashamed way in which St. John Ervine takes that old one about the mortgaged homestead, the wronged heroine, and the letter-that-came-too-late, and writes a tragedy about the failure of formal Christianity to cope with some problems of modern civilization—surely as unwieldy a theme as either O'Neill's or Miss Glaspell's.

A minute or so after the curtain goes up Sarah Ferguson says to her husband, "Here's the farm mortgaged up to the hilt, and you sick and not able to work, and Henry Witherow bothering you for the money!" Frank and unashamed! You cannot escape the searching pathos of old John Ferguson who clings blindly to his faith through one catastrophe after another—

"Weeping may endure for a night," Sarah, "but joy cometh in the morning."

The trials God inflicts on him have been inflicted on numberless grey-haired fathers in numberless b'gosh melodramas, but John Ferguson is no less a dignified tragic figure for that. He is a real person, and the forlorn battle he makes to retain his faith comes over the footlights with even keener poignancy because his sorrows are so familiar, so readily taken in. The money from America which would have saved "the house we played in as wee lads" doesn't come; Hannah, his daughter, tries to sacrifice herself in marriage to save the home but cannot go through with it; Witherow, who holds the mortgage, assaults poor

*Published by the Macmillan Co.

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Hannah, and she comes home to her father mad with terror and shame. Through all this the old man keeps a forgiving spirit and strives to love his enemy. But when he finds that his son is the murderer of Witherow his sturdy faith breaks down. He pleads with his son not to confess his crime, but Andrew cannot forsake the austere faith bred into him by John Ferguson himself. The old man understands this at last, and watches his boy go to give himself up to justice. Brokenly he cries, "My son, my son!" Through his tears he tries to read his Bible—but its power to bring him peace is gone.

We like it because it translates a philosophy of life into the language we speak in the theatre.

"The Harlequinade" by Granville Barker and Dion Clayton Calthrop, given by the Neighborhood Playhouse Company, is in the nature of an informal little jaunt down the ages with Columbine and Harlequin. There is nothing to it save moonlight, and wisps of melody, some inconsequential chatter and fooling by the way, and Columbine and Harlequin. The aimless pilgrimage starts just this side of the ferry landing on the River Styx, loiters a while in Italy in the sixteenth century, in England in the eighteenth century, in America a century or so after this one, and winds up back on the Styx. There was a genial pretense that the trip was taken to prove something to a philosopher who didn't believe anything, but no one took it seriously. It was as bright a flower of fantasy as was ever pulled apart by the intense ones who insist that beautiful things must mean something. It meant no more to us than the first glass of champagne would mean after passing the three-mile limit.

THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Amy Lowell

I WISH it had fallen to the lot of someone else to "do" the poems in the May magazines. Not one among the number strikes out a genuine fire. The average, too, is not nearly so high as the average for April. To rank them in any order, to speak of them at all, one must tone down one's critical key. With one exception, the best May has to show us are merely charming. At that level, two of the poems stand out clearly, and I do not wish to depreciate them, for they are really very charming indeed. These two are "Laburnums" by Padraic Colum in "The Nation", and "For All Ladies of Shalott" by Aline Kilmer in "Poetry". "Laburnums" is marred by the poor cadence of its second stanza, where the accent must fall on the unfortunate word *have* to give the beat of the rhythm. There is so much that is in-

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expert and inexperienced in the May poems, however, that Mr. Colum's practised touch is singularly welcome. Mrs. Kilmer's poem is an arresting and beautiful thing. It is simple, inevitable, and completely lyrical. It is, if one pleases, "old-fashioned", and that may make it less important viewed in the light of the ever-obtruding "time-spirit", but I am not of those to whom such things matter much. I demand that a poem shall be true to its own standards, and shall compel me to read it. The novelty of today is the threadbare of tomorrow, which is so flat a platitude that I dare to say it. "For All Ladies of Shalott" probably has not enough body to keep it long alive as an entity, but should some delver of fifty years hence come across it in an old file of "Poetry", for instance, I believe he would pause a moment and find the reading good. Another of Mrs. Kilmer's poems in the same magazine, "The Heart Knoweth Its Own Bitterness", also deserves quotation, and for the same reason.

"The Old Man" by Beatrice Ravenel, in "The Measure", is in the purely modern mode. This particular manner is the one most confidently adopted by the younger poets, it seems; and, truth to tell, like all repetitions, it is becoming a little wearisome in its less-inspired manifestations. Miss (or is she Mrs.?) Ravenel's poem is excellently done, however. This is the first specimen of her work which I have seen; I shall hope to see more.

Now comes my exception: Mr. Aiken's "Third Movement from the 'Pilgrimage of Festus'", also in "The Measure". Mr. Aiken is a baffling poet to discuss. No one can fail to admire his technique, and I believe that few people can read his long poems through. He has written two very fine things, each embedded in one of his interminable stories: the "Morning Song from 'Senlin'", and the dance of the satyrs and mænads in "The House of Dust". It has been said that his poems say nothing; that is not true, they say a great deal, but his treatment is so unvaried, and his meaning so hidden in symbolism, that we falter tracking it through the dimly-lit aisles of his imagination. He has found his own voice—began to find it, indeed, some two or three books back—but this voice seems as yet only able to sing in one key. Mr. Aiken's poetical imagery is elusive and subtle, and he has learned to spin endless changes in the half-lights of his visions, yet both imagery and visions, no matter how diverse the subject about which they are set, are of a confusing sameness. Our minds are strained and troubled in the same way that our eyes might be in trying to find a path through a forest of heavy trees at dusk. With all these allowances, it would be unfair to Mr. Aiken not to include his "Third Movement" among the poems of the month; I have, therefore, selected a few lines for quotation which may be understood apart from the rest, if we remember that Festus is wandering in "the forest of departed Gods". I should prefer to give the "Movement" entire; but, as it is nine pages long, that is out of the question.

Mr. Bynner's translations of Charles Vildrac in "The Dial", being translations, I have not considered to come within the scope of this series at all.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Each month* THE BOOKMAN *will select a group of poems from the American periodicals. These will be submitted to a prominent poet or critic who will choose from them "The Poems of the Month", though he will be free to add any others he may prefer. Carl Sandburg will act as arbiter for September and October. The complete list of poems selected will be found in the Gossip Shop.*

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LABURNUMS

Over old walls the laburnums hang cones of fire;
Laburnums that grow out of old mold in old gardens:

Old men and old maids who have money or pensions have
Shuttered themselves in the pales of old gardens:

The gardens grow wild; out of their mold the laburnums
Draw cones of fire.

And we, who've no lindens, no palms, no cedars of Lebanon,
Rejoice you have gardens with mold, old men and old maids:

The grey and the dusty streets have now the laburnums,
Have now cones of fire!

Padraic Colum
—*The Nation*

FOR ALL LADIES OF SHALOTT

The web flew out and floated wide:
Poor lady!—I was with her then.
She gathered up her piteous pride,
But she could never weave again.

The mirror cracked from side to side;
I saw its silver shadows go:
"The curse has come on me!" she cried.
Poor lady!—I had told her so.

She was so proud, she would not hide;
She only laughed and tried to sing.
But singing in her song she died;
She did not profit anything.

THE HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS

The heart knoweth? If this be true indeed,
Then the thing that I bear in my bosom is not a heart,
For it knows no more than a hollow, whispering reed
That answers to every wind.
I am sick of the thing. I think we had better part.

My heart would come to any piper's calling—
A fool in motley that dances for any king;
But my body knows, and its tears unbidden falling
Say that my heart has sinned.
You would have my heart? You may. I am sick of the thing.

Aline Kilmer
—*Poetry*

THE OLD MAN

Do they ever grow really old,
Do they cease to believe in miracles?

He sits in the Park,
His buttonhole blooms unconcerned, a bud in the crack of a ruin;
His fine, gathered fingers curl upward:
He is holding hands with the sun.

Like a girl's shadow
The furtive smell of the Spring runs over his face.

"She would come like that,
A little abashed, a little defiant...."
He fondles the past in his palms with the alchemical sun.
The past?
"She will come...."
The future is coming!

Beatrice Ravenel
—*The Measure*

FRAGMENT FROM "THIRD MOVEMENT FROM THE 'PILGRIMAGE OF FESTUS'"

A parrot swings in the bough of a mulberry tree,
Regarding Festus listlessly.
A mulberry leaf detaches itself and falls,
Silently pirouetting through a pool of sunlight;
And the quiet above him builds itself green walls.

'This silence, now—this bird with crimson feathers—
Is it with these you speak to me?
Confucius, are you indeed this mulberry tree
Extending cold and green in a void of silence,
Bearing a crimson bird, or slowly and softly
Letting a single leaf fall, carefully?
Or if indeed these leaves were once your flesh;
Or if from among these leaves at a certain moment
In the eternal and golden recurrence of time
With a leafy rustle and chime
You step once more, having no other speech
Than sings from a choir of leaves in wind and rain,—
What, in the silence then, shall I hear you teach?
What syllables will fall as this leaf falls,
Which shall remove forever death and pain?'

The mulberry tree makes no reply;
Placid and solitary beneath the sky,
Seeming to dream no dream of leaf or bird,
It sways in the pool of sunlight; and beneath it
The words of Festus fall and are not heard.

Conrad Aiken
—*The Measure*

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THE LONDONER

Max Beerbohm's Caricatures—Low's Cartoons—Sinclair Lewis and Couperus in England—Two Political Biographies—Shaw's Autobiography—Rose Macaulay's Novel—An Anglo-Russian Novel—Hugh Walpole's Scott Letters—The Russian Ballet—Some New Books—Flaubert.

LONDON, *June* 1, 1921.

THE principal artistic event of the moment in London is the exhibition at the Leicester galleries of Max Beerbohm's caricatures. The opening day, the private view, was so crowded that many people could hardly get near the drawings at all. They contented themselves, I suppose, by looking at the originals of the caricatures as they promenaded about the room. There is no doubt that many of these originals are glad to see themselves caricatured. It is to them an honor. It gives them cachet. Not to have been in a Max Beerbohm cartoon is to live outside the pale of true art and society. And yet that is perhaps an exaggeration, for the subjects of "Max's" rather malicious skill with the pencil are restricted, and it is only in the world of art that the drawings can give this peculiar distinction. Nevertheless, the drawings of Mr. Lloyd George, for instance, are illustrative of a most implacable hostility far outsoaring anything to be seen in the work of any other living draughtsman. They are not like, they are not particularly amusing, but they have a definite conception of the Prime Minister's character informing them.

As a whole I should say that this exhibition was less interesting than its predecessors. There is no falling off in merely technical skill: the touch is as sure as ever. It is rather a falling off in spirit, in freshness. It may be that we have seen the familiar figures before and that we care little for those who are unfamiliar. And there is a block of Labor cartoons of an elementary character. As "Max" hates the politician, so he hates aggressive power of any kind. He sees in Labor only an aggressive power. He thinks Labor is out solely for ugly greed. This misunderstanding has produced from the Labor æsthetes a severe protest. It shows the limitations of "Max's" sympathies, and even of his imagination. Particularly tedious is the cartoon ridiculing a supposed ignorance of the French tongue on the part of Labor leaders. Considering the record of some of our leading diplomats of the reigning government—the ignorance of French is notorious in several instances—the cartoon shows poor vital perspective. One would not have suspected it of "Max".

Most of the drawings, if not all of them, are sold, and bear labels to that effect. It is curious to speculate as to the destination of these drawings. Do the subjects buy them—either in pride at seeing themselves portrayed or for fear of having them in other hands? Or is there some other market? I am told that the purchasers are restricted in number, and that they are confined to a comparatively small section of the public. A few men are collecting "Max" cartoons, some from a sense of fun, some from a belief that the caricatures are bound to increase in value

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and to be good speculations hereafter. And of course some are bought by the subjects. I know of one such drawing which used to hang over the bed of the man it represented. But he was an exceptionally humble man, and perhaps saw himself as "Max" had seen him. Or perhaps he could appreciate the fun of the picture. Or perhaps he was just flattered. Who can tell?

"Max" has long been the pet, almost the idol, of the polite few. He has been worshiped. His early works have been collected with joy. Now, when his genius is manifestly declining, he is becoming the idol of the multitude. I would hazard the guess that a comparison between the sale of "Works" and the book published last autumn would stagger any inquirer. Why is this? The larger public seems uncannily to get hold of a man when his best work is done. The cause is no doubt that constant dropping wears away a stone, and that in time all good work and good reputation comes to the notice of the mass. One could wish it otherwise. One would have thought that a cartoonist would reach his goal sooner than any other kind of man. This seems not to be so. In "Max's" case it may be because the drawings are not for all; but at any rate, if not for all, they are, as they have always been, for the fashionable. And the same may be said of his charming prose works. The only point to be made about these is that the old were better.

* * * *

A cartoonist for whom a kinder fate is perhaps in store is David Low, of the "Star". Low is an Australian, and his arrival in London has done much to dispel the gloom which accompanies solemn "Punch" cartoons representing the most retrograde emotion of the moment with infallible instinct. Low has developed a little Lloyd George which is a delight. It is not unkind, and admirers of the Prime Minister can enjoy the drawings without pain. I believe Lloyd George himself collects them with relish. But in its mischief it is cruelly destructive. It is a small figure, with tousled hair and the most demure of feet. And the humor of the drawings and the legends is simply terrific. There is pep in it, a quality to which in English cartoons we are unaccustomed. Where cartoons in other countries have kept pace with the diabolical comprehensions of bright minds, they have in England been always dominated by the notion of good breeding which kills all political amenities in this country. An indignant Mr. Punch reproving sternly some thoughtless tripper or savage striker or potential foreign enemy; a beaming Mr. Punch handing out the laurel to some smug mediocrity with the benign words: "Well done, sir; England is proud of you"—that is the sort of thing to which we are accustomed. It spells English humor in a very old-fashioned way. It is not like us. Even "Max" is more like England, in spite of his foreign polish. Low, in a different school altogether, presents almost daily some sharp comment, at once softened and enhanced by his beautifully sweeping line and his warm humor, upon a crucial issue. A collection of his cartoons is to be published this month, with a preface by Arnold Bennett, who began talking about Low's work before it was ever introduced to English readers at all, and when Low was still engaged in Australia.

* * * *

Two distinguished novelists are either in London already or will shortly be here. The first of these, Sinclair Lewis, needs no introduction to Ameri-

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can readers. His "Main Street" has been received here with the respect due to all sincere writing. What its public reception has been I have no means of knowing; but I hope it has been such as to show that we are not indifferent to the finer work of those outside our own land. The other visitor in Louis Couperus. This Dutch novelist has long been available in English translations, but it is only within the last few years that his major works have been read. By these I mean particularly the "Books of the Small Souls". When I read the first of these in, I think, 1914, I felt that there was a strict realist abroad who was not afraid of the results of his own perceptions. The ruthlessness of "Small Souls", the unrelieved close scrutiny of base character, was such as to stamp its author as, if not a great novelist, which is what I believe him to be, at any rate a writer of exceptional courage. In my opinion the books most recently translated from the Dutch of Couperus have been less astounding in quality than their forerunners, although not less lacking in the quality of courage. But the attention which they have received from English critics has been sufficient to make the author's welcome assured. I am looking forward very much to meeting this noteworthy novelist. If that term seems meagre and insufficient to admirers of Couperus, I ask forgiveness. My own admiration was at first greater than it now is, after attentive reading of "Old People, and the Things that Pass". In this book, although the mise en scène was remarkable, I thought the execution something less than absolutely first class. However that may be, we are all anxious to show Holland that we can appreciate her greatest contemporary writer. Holland, although a small country, is generous to our novelists, and even buys their works in English, besides translating the more distinguished of them.

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Years ago, I remember, a friend of mine used to say that there was nothing like biography as a form of letters. I did not then agree and, as I think I have already indicated from time to time in these notes, I have not seen any reason to change the opinion formed in those old days. But as each notable man of his generation dies it is only natural that there should be made some attempt to appraise his life and character while those are still left who can check and delight in the statements and the estimate of some willing and reverent biographer. In fact, no sooner are we dead than the biographer selected by family or friends writes to the literary papers asking that all who possess letters, etc. relating to the deceased shall communicate their knowledge or their materials instantly. Biographies are more than ever like inquests. I perceive, for example, that the excellent Mrs. Barclay is to have her life written. I am glad. Hers was much too interesting a character to be allowed to fade from our recollection without some fitting memoir. But two prominent political leaders are also to be dealt with in the near future. They are the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who once deservedly rebuked Mr. Balfour with the words: "Enough of this fooling!"—and the late Sir William Harcourt.

Harcourt's biography is to be written by A. G. Gardiner, for many years editor of the "Daily News". Gardiner is known to a very wide public by his weekly articles in the "Daily News", signed "A. G. G." It was because of disagreements regarding the firm note

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of these articles that his connection with the paper ceased. But he also has another, equally large, public which knows him under the name of "Alpha of the Plough". Under this pseudonym he contributes each week a lighter article to the evening paper issued by the same proprietors,—the "Star". Both "A. G. G." and "Alpha of the Plough" are loved and enthusiastically enjoyed by hosts of readers, and indeed Gardiner has an attractive and admirable personality. He is righteous, but he is also humorous. He has a great eye for an effect. His articles abound in what I may perhaps be allowed to call rhetoric without pompousness. For this reason his departure from his ordinary style will be awaited with legitimate curiosity. Gardiner is a staunch Gladstonian, and he should therefore do full justice to Gladstone's great lieutenant.

The other biography, that of Campbell-Bannerman, is to be written by one who is also a journalist. This is J. A. Spender, editor of "The Westminster Gazette". Spender is probably the best leader-writer in London, and would be admitted to be such even by his opponents. The character of "The Westminster Gazette" is sufficiently attested by the fact that "Punch", in a moment of inspiration, once referred to the paper—alluding to the color of the stock upon which it is printed—as "the pea-green incorruptible". The character of Spender is that of the paper. Nobody would dream for an instant of doubting his complete sincerity. Wrong he may often be considered; unscrupulous, never. Famous through long years as the constant friend and ally of Mr. Asquith, Spender will have a ticklish task in dealing fairly with a stormy passage in Liberal politics, when Campbell-Bannerman was nearly sent to the House of Lords, to leave the House of Commons to the far from tender mercies of the Imperialist section of the Liberal party. This will probably be the crucial portion of the book; at least, it will be the part to which most readers with a zealous recollection of "C.-B." will first turn. Let us hope that Spender will disappoint the sleuths by the fair impartiality which one has such good reason to associate with his name.

* * * *

George Bernard Shaw is one of the living men who have read their own biographies. But in case there should be any mistake he is writing a definitely personal version of the already-told story, with amplitude. This is to be the bonne bouche of the special limited edition of Shaw's works to which I referred a month or so back. I then hazarded the guess that we were bound to have another preface, and so it appears. The preface will be an autobiography. Speaking of Shaw reminds me that there is going round at present a charming story about "The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet". It appears that Shaw recently visited a performance, by amateurs I gather, of this play. One of the actors was more nervous than all the others. He achieved distinction by the following speech: "There was the poor woman, with the horse in her lap, and her child quietly grazing near her by the roadside." What the effect of this pseudo-Spoonerism may have been upon the audience I have not heard, but it was of quite unusual calibre as a verbal slip.

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Rose Macaulay's new novel is out, and I imagine that it will be read with enjoyment by all Miss Macaulay's admirers. It is a very sane and mischievous work, not perhaps final in its

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delineation of English society and its current vagaries, but well enough to be going on with. Miss Macaulay has the ironic touch, and she has a sure understanding. Nor do these possessions quite destroy her power of emotion. The high spirits and sentiment of her earlier work have given place to something more mature, and in this novel the account of what is really a spiritual conflict between two women in love with the same man is given with convincing intensity. And although Miss Macaulay deals out shrewd blows here, as she did in "Potterism", she does it still without rancor, and so she manages to keep our interest and sympathy for people in whom we should probably not take (if we met them in daily life) an interest nearly equivalent. This is a rare talent. It is of no use to demand more from Miss Macaulay. She does her particular job extremely well, with great finish and distinction, and without any of the twitter of elisions to which we are treated by so many talented women novelists who have the brains to be witty, but not the understanding to be wise.

* * * *

A new novel which is to appear this autumn causes me a singular curiosity. I will tell you why. It is the work of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Williams. And the interest arises from the fact that this work is the joint effort of a practised Russian novelist and a man who has never until now essayed fiction. Williams has another book, of the kind which we should more readily expect from him, appearing at the same time. It deals with Russia and the rest of Europe. This is no doubt the case with the novel as well, for the hero is an Englishman in Russia. The story is described to me as exciting, and full of incident; but it is unlikely to be merely sensational. And we shall have the interest of knowing that there are no mistakes in the Russian atmosphere. There will not be any riding in ikons down the Nevsky Prospect, or going to sleep on the top of the boiling urn or droshky. The atmosphere will be the real thing. And as Mrs. Williams has written novels with success in Russia we need not be alarmed about the quality of the tale itself. I speak without knowledge of Russian, but I am told by those who should know that the Russian novels of Mrs. Williams are to be read.

When one speaks of Russia in fiction one naturally thinks of Hugh Walpole, whose experiences in Russia during the war have made material for two of the books from which English and American readers have gained their best impressions of the country. Walpole has, so to speak, abandoned Russia in favor of his first love, and he is engaged upon at least two novels of English life. But Walpole is not only a novelist. He is, as we all know, a collector, and his latest acquisition has made many mouths water. It has also led to remarks being made as to the enormous earnings of the novelist as a class. This acquisition, for a sum within reach of two thousand pounds, is nothing less than a big collection of letters written to Sir Walter Scott by numbers of the most famous men of his day. The collection is unique, and I understand that no book, however erudite the author, can in future be written upon the subject of Scott or his period, without reference to this big bundle. But Walpole is not going to shut himself up, like a miser, with his treasure; for he is already planning to offer to more than his closest friends an opportunity of examining the letters. For this purpose he is

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giving a party, to which a number of those people who will best be able to appreciate the quality of the letters as a treasured possession, are to be invited. Walpole has, as we all know, an enjoyment of all that is pleasant in social intercourse, and he has something more as well. He has a sense of the right "party". He has recently founded a small club for kindred spirits, at which may be seen a select few of the writers, booksellers, and connoisseurs of our time. Papers are read and discussed, and the object of the club is to enable all the members to contemplate books and their writing and distribution from the widest possible point of view. This is not the usual society for the passing of time or mutual flattery; it is in some degree a society of experts, for all who belong to it have some definite claim to admission upon the ground of special knowledge of one kind or another. Those who have attended the meetings say that Walpole is an ideal chairman, who allows no deviation from the point, and who keeps the discussion within bounds. This is the most difficult of all tasks for the chairman, who too often loses control and trusts to luck to keep the topic within sight.

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It is pretty generally agreed that times have never been so bad in the theatres, and the celerity with which plays are withdrawn—in one recent case after only four performances—proves that there is fire behind this smoke. But one or two of those unpleasant people who tell the truth whenever they can, have disconcerted us all by declaring that the fault lies in part with the plays which are produced. That is what I have always suspected, but never liked to say in case I hurt somebody's feelings. I have heard so much of the marvelous unacted play, and have seen so little of it, that I have had uneasy feelings. And now come these bold creatures who say that there are no good plays. Well! And as if to give support to their tragic discovery is the fact that as soon as the Russian ballet arrived in London that big theatre, the Prince's, became crowded to an incredible extent with a packed and wildly enthusiastic audience. This audience, or its reinforcements, has been going every night to the ballet. There seems no end to its joy and its devotion. If all the theatres were as full! But perhaps after all the Russian ballet is one of the best things in the world. Even without Massine and Karsarvina, but with the enormously-popular Lopokova, the company is strong in talent and personality. Woisekovsky, who seems to have taken Massine's place, is a fine dancer with great dramatic gifts allied to immense energy and technical skill. There are other recruits, and other old favorites; and with old as well as new ballets we should have some delicious weeks before us. My own chief grievance is that so many people in the audience know each other. This means that one cannot go quietly, to enjoy the ballet, but must find oneself in the grip of the relentless small-talk æsthete. His presence makes the pleasure less; his antics and his conversation are alike self-conscious and terrible.

* * * *

Arnold Bennett's new novel will be finished by the time these notes are printed. It is a book in his lighter vein, and it should give pleasure to all who like that lighter vein as well as to all who like Mr. Bennett in whatever vein he may write. It will appear serially here in the Sunday "Times". Its title is "Mr. Prohack". Wells's next novel is not yet finished; but he

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is just publishing a collection of those papers which he would have read to American audiences if his serious illness had not intervened, together with some other and kindred papers, under the title of "The Salvaging of Civilisation". Galsworthy has not a new novel ready for early publication: he is, however, represented in the London theatre by two plays. The first of these, a one-acter, is generally condemned; but I hear that the comedy, "A Family Man", although not fresh in subject, is amusing and likely to prove popular. Strange that Galsworthy should have had to wait so long, in spite of his work and its prestige, for a really long run in the theatre. This came for the first time with "The Skin Game", and it may well be followed up by "A Family Man". The one-act play has been described by Rebecca West as the worst play she ever saw. But Rebecca West has just finished her long-delayed novel, and so I expect she is feeling free to enjoy the theatre as a place where one can speak the truth. The novel will be published this autumn.

* * * *

This year sees the centenary of Flaubert's birth. I suppose it is too late to suggest that a selection from his letters would make a better memorial of the occasion than any number of ridiculous essays celebrating the writers' inability to escape from the sticky mud of æsthetic theory as applied to the novel form? Some of Flaubert's letters are magnificent pieces of analysis, not of the novel, but of character, and particularly of Flaubert's character.

SIMON PURE

HARBOR TALK

By David Morton

MORE lonesome than a lonesome ship at sea,
The sailing moon rides beautifully by,
Blown from such purple harbors as may be
In unimagined corners of the sky.
She is not careless where she gazes down
On sleepy streets the silver silence fills,
But thoughtful ever of a little town,
And foolish-fond of little, wooded hills.

Sea-folk are given so to telling tales,
I think the moon, when she puts in at last,
May spin a story where she reefs her sails,—
And there her talk of shorelands that she passed,
Is all of glimmering meadows, ghostly still,
A sleepy town...a lonesome little hill.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Bookish

IT is a tolerant and a smiling muse of criticism that inspires Edmund Gosse. In his latest volume of collected essays there is much out-of-the-way information about authors, a deal of penetration and kindly advice, with only a very occasional moment of bitterness. To each discussion of a particular book he brings the weight of his extraordinary background, and of his broad sympathies. He speaks as tenderly of old wines as he does of E. V. Lucas. Seems hugely fond of both! He reminds us of vague figures like Zoffany and Mary Mitford. He quarrels pleasantly with Wilbur Cross over the character of Fielding, and comes avidly to the defense of Poe. This is surely not a book to be read by "Self-Culture" clubs. It is too subtle and requires too much of the reader to be informing in the worst sense of the word. "Books on the Table" (Scribner) is a volume of diminutive and fascinating papers for the man who loves books from before Marcus Aurelius to beyond Margot Asquith. It will not please Victorians, nor yet again Moderns. Edmund Gosse, apparently, has blessedly few critical prejudices. A genial old age is an amazing gift.

Ship Ahoy!

WHEN it is warm and the summer light quivers unmercifully across the red roof outside my window, until it becomes scarlet and sinful and hateful, then it is that I take a noontime walk along the wharves. There are lines of men in front of the shipping offices on South Street across from trimly floating hulls—lines of slouching tanned figures, some eager with new adventures, some grotesquely cynical with sea-age. It would be so easy to join one of these lines, sign up, slip onto a ship, away then, out—out—but instead back to my desk, where I pick three volumes from the solemn line along the back, then sit for hours without moving, reading three books written by honest-to-God sailors. They are all about the sea, filled with the intimate adventure of masthead and of engine room, of storms around the Horn, and of scrawny personalities on deck. "The Flying Bo'sun" (Holt) is a ghost story, told simply, and with some roughness and much dramatic power. It is filled with strange pieces of characterization that show Arthur Mason to be salty indeed. While he hasn't the polish of Conrad or of McFee, he tells his story competently, and it is worth telling. The closing scene of the book has a thrill that is seldom equaled.

Captain Bone knows the days of sailing ships, and he has given us a log—fact or fiction, it matters little—which is as breezy as the gale that sent the old windjammer around the Horn. "The Brassbounder" (Dutton) is the objective story of a voyage in the old days by a sailor who can write exceptionally well. It is more study than narrative; but it has moments of fine pathos and scenes that shiver the timbers. Fire on ship, burial, icebergs, storm, fights: these and the noise of sails flapping above the cabin

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make it a rousing book for a sticky afternoon—or any afternoon, for that matter.

In the new edition of "An Ocean Tramp" (Doubleday, Page) William McFee not only gives us a superb new preface; but the knowledge that he could write well even at the start! Here we have the introspective sailor, the philosopher who attempts to reconcile the ways of the sea with the problems of eternity, whose moral sense takes to squirming and twisting when he sees the life of ports and the manners of young sailors. To me, this is the most interesting of the three books. It shows the soul of a man who ran away from life to bury himself at sea, and who finds life following. A man who loves and knows books, who loves and knows people. This is the reaction that the engine room might have upon you or upon me. It is better than a novel, because the realness of the psychology is so apparent. How much one may learn of the ways of the sea from these three books!

Human Etchings

TARKINGTON'S "Alice Adams" is a tragedy of detail, a pathetic recounting of the disaster that arises from the marching of small events, occasioned by the false philosophy of mediocre minds. "Coquette" (Doran) is the tragedy of unskilled and unrestrained passion. It is rich in emotional detail, and at no time does Frank Swinnerton allow the machinery of the psychological novel to obscure the sweep of primitive desire. Sally Minto, dressmaker's assistant, might as well have been cast as a goddess upon Olympus. She is the eternally ambitious woman, yet lovable because of her naïveté. She demands both love and success. Failing to find them in the person of one man, she draws herself and her two lovers into the net of inevitable tragedy.

One cannot say that this is a bigger book than "Nocturne". It is a more sustained effort. It must have been a more difficult book to write. It seems to me as fine an achievement. There are only a handful of characters and each one is etched with an unflagging sense of reality. Toby and Gaga, Sally's mother and Madam: they hold us by their truth. There is no single person in the story who can be called strong. Even Sally, herself, is the child of circumstance. But it is the thread of her desire that holds us enthralled.

"Coquette" seems to me to be the best novel that has come from England this year. Swinnerton's style is unique in its clarity, simplicity, and rich beauty. Nor does his realism offend. It is at the same time delicate and penetrating. In so small a space as this one can do little but indulge in superlatives—and "Coquette" demands them all!

—*J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

YOUTH RECAPTURED

By Helen Thomas Follett

THE significance of this posthumous novel of De Morgan lies in the fact that—despite the presence of all the outward trappings which have come to identify its author as Early Victorian both in what he wrote and in how he wrote—it is slightly different from his other novels in its emphasis, its mood, and its philosophy. Its mood, by which especially it gives pause to those who think they have already got to the bottom of De Morgan, is a pervasive bitterness underlying a humor sometimes fantastic. It is in this unfinished tale, competently pieced out by Mrs. De Morgan according to her husband's specifications, that the author of "Joseph Vance" comes nearest to achieving an adequate case of the typical modern mood of disillusionment with life, of *Weltschmerz*.

The narrative, autobiographic in form, is the outpouring of one Eustace John, septuagenarian, lying ill in a Chelsea hospital and waiting eagerly for death. It is a sequence of jottings, the flashes through his memory of persons, things, and incidents of his lost youth. Of his reason for perpetuating these flashes, he writes: "I can't restrain my Self. It will have me write down all we can recollect, between us. Surely if I am to employ my Self at all, I may as well do it in a way that will make the employee happy and keep him amused."

With this quaint start, imagination stimulated by memory, or memory stimulated by imagination, is off to give life, form, and the expected De Morgan flavor to the chronicle of Eustace John's infancy, boyhood, and young manhood, and presently to the old age of the same rather wistful, rather pathetic being. The same familiar generous Victorian mixture is there of persons, things as vital as persons, and crowding events—the old nursery in the house in Mecklenburg Square, the nurse Varnish (what would De Morgan be without the proper names?); the unpacking of the ancient mildewed boxes in the attic and the discovery of the vases which became so comically and, later, so tragically important; Eustace John's schoolmate Cooky, really a young Jew by the name of Moss, whose boyhood friendship with Eustace John and his sister Gracie is of a tender humanity such as no one but De Morgan ever quite achieves in the record of a human relationship; little Adaropposite, whom years later Eustace John was to marry; letters disinterred, after a twenty years' seclusion, from an old mailing box, to exert a crucial influence in the present; a new home, The Retreat, buzzing with secrets and also with discussion about Eustace John's future occupation; and so on to the heaping up and pressing down of the measure. There is no restraint so far as the fabrication of the tale is concerned: restraint in this department you must not look to find in De Morgan, saving only in "An Affair of Dishonor".

But the mood in which all these odds and ends of narrative are sustained in solution—that is restraint. The consciousness of old age tinges all

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the record of youth; and here for once old age is sombre, not, as commonly in De Morgan, sweetly resigned or doggishly whimsical. It is only imagination which remains buoyant, exuberant. In the very act of scaling the crest of happiness, Eustace John feels —and makes the reader feel with him —the imminence of destruction. One episode after another is recorded with an edging of sadness, the inescapable sadness of tortured memory. There is a rhapsodic description of Eustace John's day in the country with his friend Cooky; and after it come these words:

> I can recall now how we rested at Eelbrook Common, and what the hay smelt like. If I had not given up...that problem, my Self, I might try to make out why it is that I can lie here and think of my mother's death, almost of any death, quite calmly; but as I remember the smell of that hay, in those fields that evening, I feel as though my heart would bear no more—would break outright and give me my release. So much the better, granting *bona fide* Death—no shuffles about Immortality! Misgivings creep into my mind, as into the Prince of Denmark's.

"The Old Man's Youth" is a book rich in at least one attribute: the deep and lingering sadness which is somehow inseparable from all authentic beauty.

De Morgan's other novels—with the exception, again, of "An Affair of Dishonor"—abound in romantic joy, the joy of a life full of incongruities, but nevertheless ultimately worth living. Sorrows as much as joys, physical disabilities and poverty as much as health and wealth, are inalienably parts of the game, and all things work together for good. Such books are written in the spirit of youth itself, by an author who, in defiance of his sixty-five years and more, is the spirit of youth. But the author of this last book about youth is the spirit of age, to which "all that was sweet in the Past serves now only to add bitterness to the Present, and all that was bitter defies oblivion, and lives to sting in all its freshness, as though no yesterdays had come between".

The Old Man's Youth and the Young Man's Old Age. By William De Morgan. Henry Holt and Co.

THE PORTRAIT OF A QUEEN

By James C. Grey

THE race of kings has fallen on evil days. The constellation of which Victoria, "the Great and Good", was the centre, shedding its royal influences over half the earth, marrying and giving in marriage only within its own caste, and looked up to with a mystical awe by the unthinking, has dimmed its fires. Coburg, Hapsburg, Romanoff, and Hohenzollern, with their court-centred diplomacies, ceremonies, funerals, christenings, coronations, and jubilees which were matter of daily chronicle and almost universal worship, seeming to explain the very existence of mankind, have spent themselves, and mankind hardly misses them. It is the war—*bellaque regibus detestata.*

Now that we look back, it does seem preposterous that men and nations should be handed about like real estate in a family deal or chattels on a farm. Now that we look back we see what a long way we have traveled in a short time; and nothing helps more pleasantly to measure the journey we have come than to read Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria" down to the last page—where we see the little naive, ignorant old lady with her white hair and her plain mourning clothes, in her donkey carriage, with the Indian servants behind—and then to remember that this is "Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, the quin-

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tessential pivot round which the whole magnificent machine was revolving". She found the monarchy strong; she left it very weak, and since then its power, even in England, has been waning. But Mr. Strachey's subject is not the monarchy but the Queen.

It was the custom of mediæval painters in an illiterate age to tell the life story of their chosen hero within the frame of a single picture. There is such a fresco in the Sistine—a Signorelli known as the Testament of Moses, wherein the composition of the picture resolves itself into episodes. In the foreground Moses is reading the Law; to the left Aaron, his brother, is receiving the rod or staff; in the background the angels are pointing out the promised land that Moses's feet are never to touch; then we see Moses coming down tired from the mountain of Pisgah and, last scene of all, the people of Israel weeping over their dead patriarch. The whole is a miracle of drawing which heralds the mighty works of Michael Angelo to come later.

Readers of "Eminent Victorians" already knew Mr. Strachey as a painter of historic personages, never as an historian. His "Queen Victoria" reveals him the painter of an epoch. The Queen is ever dominant in the foreground, but the eye is delighted by the scenes and episodes with which that central figure is surrounded: the sordid beginnings of the House of Saxe-Coburg together with the strange career of that political mountebank, Edward, Duke of Kent, Victoria's father—the sudden appearance of Victoria on the throne of England, like a novice from a convent, a very short, very slim girl in deep, plain mourning, with fair hair, blue prominent eyes, a small, curved nose, an open mouth revealing the upper teeth, a tiny chin, a clear complexion and a high, unwavering voice. Next, the subtle portrait of Melbourne, the "autumn rose" under whose spell the young girl remained for a season, causing Mr. Strachey to moralize and remind us that "humanity and fallibility are infectious things. Was it possible that she was beginning to listen to siren voices? That the secret influences of self-expression, of self-indulgence even, were mastering her life? For a moment the child of a new age looked back and wavered towards the Eighteenth Century. It was the most critical moment of her career",—but it was only a moment; and she was rescued by the coming of Albert, for whom Mr. Strachey shows extraordinary sympathy. Victoria was in love, and Albert is shown as the perfect husband, while his wife remained one of the few persons able to appreciate the Prince Consort's jokes. His industry, his sense of duty were enormous; but the author's sense of fun takes possession of his pen when he shows this alien from beyond the sea laughed at by fine ladies and sneered at by fine gentlemen, "tearing after the fox as if he had been born and bred in Leicestershire". They could hardly believe it; was it possible that they had made a mistake and that Albert was a good fellow after all?

But Albert was no sportsman; he was un-English and "to the end the Whig aristocrats looked askance at him and only tolerated him as an unpleasant necessity thrust upon them by fate". He died a gloomy, disappointed man, of whom Disraeli wrote: "This German Prince has governed England for twenty-one years with a wisdom and energy such as none of our Kings had ever shown." But England did not miss him. "The English Constitution," says Strachey, "that

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child of wisdom and chance, dropping the dead limb with hardly a tremor, continued its mysterious life as if he had never been." Mr. Strachey conjectures whether, had he lived, an attempt might have been made to convert England into a state as exactly organized, as elaborately trained, as efficiently equipped and as autocratically controlled as Prussia herself. An interesting conjecture, due to the influence of the German baron Stockmar, whose head is continually peering over Albert's shoulder. Neither Albert nor Stockmar ever understood the people of England or the precise functions of the British Crown. They resented the Reform Bill and the growing power of the Parliament exerted through the Cabinet. In Stockmar's view, instilled by him into Albert, the prerogatives of the Crown were in danger if the sovereign permitted the majority of the people to be impressed with the belief "that the King, in the view of the law, is nothing but a mandarin figure which has to nod its head in assent or shake it in denial as his minister pleases".

The story of the struggle between Palmerston and Victoria, backed by Albert, provides startling evidence that Stockmar's lesson had been well learned, and that the Crown intended to act independently of the Prime Minister. It was a throwback to the days of William III, and though the lesson was carried in her heart by Victoria long after Albert's death, it never came to flowering, owing to the influence of a series of great ministers. The threads of power, which Albert had so laboriously grasped at, fell from her hands into those of Gladstone, Disraeli, and Salisbury. Had fate willed otherwise, Mr. Strachey thinks, under some powerful leader—a Gladstone or a Bright—the democratic forces of the country might have rallied together and a struggle have followed in which the monarchy would have been shaken to its foundations.

Though the English Constitution continued its mysterious life as if Albert had never been, far otherwise was it with Victoria. At Windsor his room was preserved as he had left it—the hat and stick and other possessions in grim and dusty repose; and there is a pathetic picture of Victoria traveling abroad and halting her journey to kiss the keys of an organ which he had once played as a young man. At Balmoral every year on August 26, for the forty years Victoria lived after Albert's death, at the foot of a bronze statue of him in Highland dress, the Queen, her family, her court, her servants, and her tenantry met together and in silence drank to the memory of the dead.

The reign of Victoria was an epoch. Under the shadow of her throne rose the Victorians, two generations of statesmen, soldiers, poets, and divines; yet it is strange how little, if at all, they come within the picture Mr. Strachey paints. The vast changes which out of the England of 1837 produced the England of the Jubilee Year of 1897, seem hardly to have touched her. The immense industrial development meant little to her. The amazing scientific movement left her perfectly cold. In literature she appreciated Tennyson; in religion the simple faith of the Presbyterian church: "The Queen who gave her name to the age of Mill and Darwin never got any further than that."

Mr. Strachey, who in this volume has made biography a creative art more entertaining than that of the novelist, intends to add to his gallery a "Benjamin Disraeli". If his pres-

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ent chapter on Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield is a hint of what is to come, we may look for an uproarious farce tinged with irony. Prince Albert had pronounced that Disraeli "had not one single element of a gentleman in his composition", yet hardly had Albert entered the shadow and the dust before the Queen was writing that Mr. Disraeli "was the only person who appreciated the Prince". Where Melbourne had known how to win the good graces of the girl who had stepped from the nursery to the throne, the wily Disraeli—"der alte Jude"—applied flattery with a trowel to the widowed woman beneath the Queen. His official letters to her were in his best novel style and in return she sent him bunches of flowers picked with her own hands. On her birthday he produced an elaborate confection of hyperbolic compliment. A smile hovered over his impassive features (he was seventy, she was fifty-six) when he dubbed Victoria the Faery. He was nothing if not personal, and he had perceived that personality was the key that opened the Faery's heart. "If your Majesty is ill," he wrote, "he is sure he will himself break down. He lives only for her and works only for her, and without her all is lost." She swallowed the flattery, as Mr. Strachey says, like a dram-drinker whose ordinary life is passed in dull sobriety.

Disraeli's career was a romance such as no eastern vizier could tell. Tory England suffered his leadership as the price of political victory. He alternately flattered and fascinated England's Queen, until his death in 1880, when the last royal letter, signed "Ever yours very aff'ly, V. R. I.", reached the strange old comedian stretched on his bed of death.

Thereafter, the biographer seems to hurry with his task. The day of Queen Victoria is drawing to a close. Its evening was golden, but it was to end in cloud and tempest. The Queen's memory began to desert her and life was gently slipping away. The picture is complete, and there the artist leaves it. He will not vex her ghost, nor on the rack of this tough world stretch her out longer. But as he leaves the chamber where she lies blind and silent, he goes back again over the road they have come together.

Perhaps her fading mind called up once more the shadows of the past to float before it and retraced for the last time the vanished visions of that long history—passing back and back through the cloud of years to older and ever older memories—to the Spring woods at Osborne, so full of primroses for Lord Beaconsfield—to Lord Palmerston's queer clothes and high demeanor, and Albert's face under the green lamp, and Albert's first stag at Balmoral, and Albert in his blue and silver uniform, and the Baron coming in through a doorway, and Lord M.(elbourne) dreaming at Windsor with the rooks cawing in the elm-trees, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on his knees in the dawn, and the old King's turkey-cock ejaculations, and Uncle Leopold's soft voice at Claremont, and Lehzen with the globes, and her mother's feathers sweeping down towards her, and a great old repeater watch of her father's in its tortoiseshell case, and a yellow rug, and some friendly flounces of sprigged muslin, and the trees and the grass at Kensington.

Mr. Strachey has no novelty of material to offer. The historians have attended to all that. But he has brilliantly used the result of their labors, and art and literature are in his debt.

Queen Victoria. By Lytton Strachey. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

PITIFUL PUPPETS

By Louis Untermeyer

JUST after it has been conceded that Conrad Aiken's gift, for all its sensitized music, is limited to the nervous twitchings of the unconscious, to a too-ready response to the crepuscular

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mood and to a preoccupation with nuances and overtones of a pale *morbidezza,* Aiken must publish a volume that disputes and, what is worse, successfully contradicts most of these conclusions. This is awkward. Particularly as Aiken, who has hitherto basked in a lukewarm unpopularity, comes forward with what will manifestly be his first popular book. One is torn between the impulse to perform a right-about-face and the desire to preserve unbroken the critical front by a series of strategic retreats and revisions. Neither method is wholly comforting. Let us compromise, by all means; let us try both.

"Punch: The Immortal Liar" (one wonders whether Mr. Knopf, by dropping the colon from the cover, took a perverse pleasure in changing the title to a simple imperative sentence) is a combination of seven long poems in two main parts. These two divisions are violently contrasted. First, they furnish a sharp contrast in temper and technique; one part was obviously written before the composition of "Senlin" and "The Charnel Rose", the other part is, even more obviously, of recent manufacture. Secondly—and, from a standpoint of development a more important difference—the two halves illustrate, far more skilfully than anything Aiken has attempted, the clash of reality and the wish: the curious interplay and the half ironic, half tragic conflict between fantasy and the fact. Aiken deals with most of his old psychic apparatus—nostalgia, jealousy, revenge, repression, disillusion—but he achieves somehow (often, strangely enough, by an evocation of his earliest imitative idiom) a new poignancy. The bluster of the Masefieldian couplets, although there are twice too many of them, admirably projects the swaggering, confident, boastfully-lecherous Punch of the first part. The strange height of this passage, one of Aiken's most brilliant pieces of phantasmagoria, occurs when Punch, weary of his easy conquests, wagers his soul with the devil that he can win the inaccessible Queen of Sheba. Punch, according to his own heroic account, triumphs and bursts into the colorful climax of his narrative—of which the following is a fragment:

> At once sweet music thrilled the air!
> Heliogabalus tore his hair!
> Solomon raged and broke his crown,
> Vermilion birds flew singing down,
> Horns and cymbals stormed at the wall
> And a dancing madness took them all...
> And how we danced and how we sang,
> And how that glittering palace rang
> With music under the rosy moon
> Of horn and cymbal and bassoon!
> Heliogabalus was my slave,
> And Judas nightly from his grave
> Rose with a sheet about his loins
> To dance before us for copper coins,
> Weeping, weeping for his sins
> To a cheerful tune from violins...

But the first part, in spite of its vivid setting and sharpness of exposition, is the lesser half of the work. It is the second section that struggles toward—and frequently attains—new summits. Here Punch, stripped of the mask of gaudy villainy in which he has confronted the world, is revealed as the timid, solitary dreamer—no longer the braggart Punch of tradition, but a pitiful soul floundering in a net that he only half perceives; jerked and gesticulating with little knowledge of what moves him—a characterization, in fine, of man as marionette. Here he is the stumbler, the awkward failure, his spirit a battleground of hungers and frustrations; letting himself sink in deepening floods of hopelessness; determining, in vague bursts of desperation, to be as other men seem to be.

> Well, then, if others lied, he too would lie...
> These faces of the smiling men he knew,

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Baker and constable and mayor and hangman,
What did they mean? Were they, as they pretended,
Such gloating misers of illegal riches?...
As their imagined faces swam before him,
Ruddy or pale, they seemed to avert their eyes,—
Like those who close their windows to a burglar.
Ah! that was it—they lied. And they, like him,
Walked always warily, for fear of nets,
Ran hard in darkness when they thought none saw them,
And, in their secret chambers, wept for terror.

Down he goes, engulfed by wave upon sickening wave of impotence. The net gathers closer, the wires are twitched more rudely; he is less than a puppet—he becomes a symbol seen through a mist, a gesture lost in a nightmare. An epilogue, "Mountebank Feels the Strings at His Heart", displays the creator himself as a blood-brother to his own creation, moving bewildered, through a half lit and ever darkening labyrinth. In such moments and in its undercurrent of bafflement, Punch is a legitimate child of Forslin and Senlin and (though both Cabell and Aiken would rise to resent the implication) of Jurgen and Manuel as well. But in his communication of this poignance, Aiken has transcended himself. The scenes in which Punch is shown in his house with Polly while dead Judy lies beneath, and the passages that disclose Punch alone with his dwindling dreams, are among the most pathetic in recent poetry.

But Aiken has not forgotten how to sing. There are lyric interludes in this volume as insinuating as anything he has conceived with the exception of Senlin's "Morning Song". It is even a richer music than he has hitherto found; to the muted violas and watery wood-winds, Aiken has added occasional brasses, even, at times, a tuba and drums. One of the sections which will undoubtedly be rifled for quotation is a group of songs bound together by the caption "He Imagines That His Puppet Has a Dark Dream and Hears Voices". Such lyrics as the ones beginning, "Death, you will wear a chain of gold" and "Open a window on the world", are scarcely less lovely than the snatch that begins:

Sheba, now let down your hair,
And play upon it with your hands,
While girls from Tal and Mozambique
Parade before in sarabands,—

But, as a colorful mingling of Aiken's instruments, there is no song in the volume more sonant and fantastic than:

There is a fountain in a wood
Where wavering lies a moon:
It plays to the slowly falling leaves
A sleepy tune.

...The peach-trees lean upon a wall
Of gold and ivory:
The peacock spreads his tail, the leaves
Fall silently....

There, amid silken sounds and wine
And music idly broken,
The drowsy god observes his world
With no word spoken.

Arcturus, rise! Orion, fall!...
The white-winged stars obey...
Or else he greets his Fellow-God;
And there, in the dusk, they play

A game of chess with stars for pawns
And a silver moon for queen:
Immeasurable as clouds above
A chess-board world they lean,

And thrust their hands amid their beards,
And utter words profound
That shake the star-swung firmament
With a fateful sound!...

A sad book, without question. A hopeless book, if you will, wherein "by a process of triangulation" the figure of Punch—and, by inference, a large portion of humanity—is revealed, floundering between fear and heroism. But, compromise or no compromise, a beautiful book.

Punch: The Immortal Liar. By Conrad Aiken. Alfred A. Knopf.

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LIFE *IS* TOO SHORT

By Alexander Woollcott

OLD Bernard Shaw, full of years now and a little conscious of them, has written his richest and most voluminous work on the lamentable insufficiency of the allotted three score years and ten. In a rather dizzying succession of leaping scenes and still more leaping prefaces, he sets forth the urgent advisability of men's learning how to live three centuries if they do not wish nature to discard them contemptuously in favor of a more ingenious and competent species. They can do it if they set their minds to it, just as easily as they invented teeth for their convenience.

This potential human feat he has celebrated in a piece called "Back to Methuselah", a play so long and so abundant that, in performance, it would be likely to irk those of us who have not yet acquired Methuselah's comfortable sense of there being plenty of time. But it makes grand reading.

In this, his latest and, by certain dubious implications, his last play, Shaw has assembled more thoroughly than ever before the creed of his faith, Creative Evolution, wherein he finds plenty of room for aspiration by recognizing the evidences of purpose and will-directed growth which had seemed mere aimless and senseless accident to all the dazed and despondent stepchildren of Darwin. Thus blessed, he can go in, however belatedly, for his real business in life. He can be what an artist, in so far as he differs from a clown, is supposed to be. He can go to work, to use his own ugly phrase, "as an iconographer of the religion of his time". Even without being an habitué of the Shavian regions, you can imagine what a fine time he has weeding vigorously in the Garden of Eden—now and then trampling obliviously, it must be admitted, on some of its rarest flowers.

The scarcely revolutionary notion that life is too short—*that* much of his creed must sound vaguely familiar—seems to have struck Shaw with its full force in the course of a war when a good many of his fellow citizens were oppressed by a feeling that life couldn't be too short to suit them. But the war itself and the events of its aftermath, do serve to emphasize his dark suspicion that men, as political animals, are too immature to handle the problems created by their own aggregation. You have only to watch the windy statesmen of the world fumbling feebly and timorously with the nettle of disarmament to feel an uneasy conviction that "there's no deniging of it". You have only to think of Ireland to endorse a wistful wish that Mr. Lloyd George were a sage of about 285 summers.

The said Lloyd George, by the way, is murderously sketched into the panorama of "Back to Methuselah" under the thin disguise of Mr. Joyce Burge, nor does the supine Mr. Asquith fare much better under the unbecoming white overhead lighting of Shaw's contemplation. Their colloquy in the second part of the play—it is really a group of five plays on the one theme—is vastly entertaining in itself, yet after all they are but midges as compared with the protagonistic figures. After his success with Napoleon and Cæsar, it was doubtless only a question of time when Shaw would dramatize the first warrior. So Cain appears now upon his stage, a rather wabbly historical character wherein the author's dislike of him as a militarist is at obvious odds with his dislike of Abel as a meat-eater.

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This first part of "Back to Methuselah", which introduces Adam and Eve and the Serpent that asked "Why not?", and which suggests how and why the human race acquired its unfortunate and insidious habit of dying, is a gorgeous piece of writing, with the tide of Shaw's invention running high and strong. Thereafter, by perceptible degrees, the play is progressively inferior, and the final scenes, which peer into the far future, are, like the similar adventures of Mr. Wells and Mr. Kipling, inanimate and a little dull, serving chiefly to content us with our own appointment on earth.

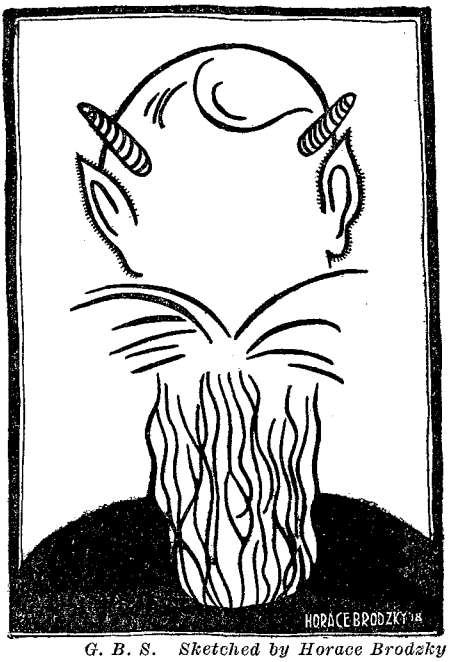
In 31920 A. D., the four-year-olds put romance and the nursery behind them at the same time and a good many engrossing and widespread human functions appear to have gone the way of the Neanderthal man and the duel. Indeed, the human body, which has always puzzled, annoyed, and offended Shaw, is on its last legs in his vision of the year 31920.

You had left Eve darkening Adam's day by this reflection: "If you were not a fool you would find something better for both of us to live by than this spinning and digging." And when he replied tartly that if she went without work, she would go without bread, she made the race's answer:

> Man need not always live by bread alone. There is something else. We do not yet know what it is; but some day we shall find out; and then we will live on that alone; and there shall be no more digging nor spinning, nor fighting nor killing.

And now in 31920, the "something else" is in sight—in sight, at least, to the eyes of Lilith who, appropriately enough, has the last word. It is this:

> Best of all, they are not satisfied; the impulse I gave them, in that day when I sundered myself in twain and launched Man and Woman on the earth, still urges them; after passing a million goals they press on to the goal of redemption from the flesh, to the vortex freed from matter, to the whirlpool in pure intelligence that, when the world began, was a whirlpool in pure force. And though all that they have done seems but the first hour of the infinite work of creation, yet I will not supersede them until they have forded this last stream



G. B. S. Sketched by Horace Brodzky

> that lies between flesh and spirit, and disentangled their life from the matter that has always mocked it. I can wait; waiting and patience mean nothing to the eternal. I gave the woman the greatest of gifts: curiosity. By that her seed has been saved from my wrath; for I also am curious; and I have waited always to see what they will do tomorrow. Let them feed that appetite well for me. I say, let them dread of all things, stagnation; for from the moment I, Lilith, lose hope and faith in them, they are doomed. In that hope and faith, I have let them live for a moment; and in that moment I have spared them many times. But mightier creatures than they have killed hope and faith, and perished from the earth; and I may not spare them forever. I am Lilith; I brought Life into the whirlpool of force, and compelled my enemy, Matter, to obey a living soul. But in enslaving Life's enemy, I made Life's master; for that is the end of all slavery; and now I shall see the slave set free and the enemy reconciled, the whirlpool become all life and no matter. And because these infants that call themselves ancients are reaching out towards that, I will have patience with them still; though I know well

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that when they attain it they shall become one with me and supersede me, and Lilith will be only a legend and a lay that has lost its meaning. Of Life there is no end; and though, of its million starry mansions many are empty and many still unbuilt, and though its vast domain is as yet unbearably desert, my seed shall one day fill it and master its matter to its uttermost confines. And for what may be beyond, the eyesight of Lilith is too short. It is enough that there is a beyond.

The Theatre Guild of New York is the gratified and somewhat embarrassed recipient of the manuscript of "Back to Methuselah". It would be staggeringly difficult to stage, none of it being obviously and easily detachable in the manner of its philosophic and artistic forerunner, the usually unacted third act of "Man and Superman". It might be presented in a series of three matinees with theatregoers buying their tickets for all three as the Wagnerites solemnly undertake the "Ring".

If it ever is produced, it will be described in the public prints as impious, mischievous, garrulous, and undramatic. It is none of these. It has the same cleanliness, the same honesty, the same austerity, the same lively social conscience and the same genuine religious fervor as glorified "Heartbreak House", which play, doubtless to the considerable amusement of Lilith, was actually described by an adult reviewer in a New York newspaper as pernicious and flippant.

Back to Methuselah. By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's.

A WITNESS FOR THE PURITANS

By Paul Elmer More

A MEMORIAL note attached to "Literary Culture in Early New England" tells us something about the author. Mr. Wright was born at Fort Ann, New York, in 1885. He was graduated from Yale in 1907 and received the master's degree the next year. From that time until his death he was first assistant and then instructor in English in the Sheffield Scientific School. American literature in the broader sense was his favorite study, and the volume now published gives the results of five or six years of patient investigation in that field.

It may be said at once that the book is a product of minute research, such as we associate with theses for the doctor's degree; a work crammed with lists and bristling with names and dates and extracts from documents; written by a scholar, for scholars, and of scholars. As such it may deliver its lecture to a little circle of the elect—or the damned, as one may choose to call them—and may never make its voice heard in Greenwich Village and those other centres of hot young life, where THE BOOKMAN is read, and where the laws of culture are daily revised. And that is a pity, for it really has something to say.

Even a scholar who has regarded himself as pretty well informed about life in the old Colonial days and has been ready to believe that the Puritans, like their friend the Devil, were not so black as they are often painted—even such a scholar may be astonished at the sort of evidence gathered by Mr. Wright. For instance, few of the Pilgrims (who in education were below the succeeding waves of immigrants) were without material for reading. This is shown by the fact that of more than seventy inventories examined by Mr. Wright in the first two volumes of wills, only a dozen failed to make specific mention of books, although in some cases the entire estate was very small. Among the immediate successors of the Pil-

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grims every minister had at least a working library; and it is characteristic that the church in Hartford, when calling Jonathan Mitchell, promised immediately upon his acceptance of their invitation to "advance a considerable sum of money to assist him in furnishing himself with a library". Is that a common practice of churches today? John Winthrop, Jr., owned above a thousand volumes, a large collection for those days anywhere. In 1653 Robert Keayne suggested in his will that a town house should be erected in Boston to contain a market, a library, and a gallery, with rooms for divines and scholars and merchants, and that part of his estate and books should go to providing such a house. One merchant of Boston, Joshuah Scotow, provided in his will, dated 1649, that "Henry Stephen his Thesaurus, in foure volumes in folio", should be given to the Harvard Library, under the proviso that "if ever the said Joshuah, during his life shall have occasion to use the said booke, or any parcel thereof, he shall have free liberty thereof, and accesce thereto: and if God shall blesce the said Joshuah wth any child or children that shal be students of the Greeke tongue, then the said bookes above specifyed shalbee unto them delivered, in case that they will not otherwise be satisfyed without it." Are our living merchants quite so keen to assure themselves and their offspring access to Stephen's Thesaurus or its equivalent? Perhaps a better test of the reading public of the age may be found in the success of the booksellers. For example, one Hezekiah Usher, bookseller, dying in 1676, left above £15,000, a large fortune at the time, for his two sons to squabble over. Are the present race of dealers more prosperous? Nor were these libraries, as is commonly supposed, exclusively theological. Science, government, belles lettres, are fairly well represented in the lists. And the correspondence of the New Englanders with the Royal Society and famous literary men in London, shows a pleasant alertness of mind and breadth of interest.

Altogether the documentary evidence here collected is amazing. It would be safe to say that never before or since—with the possible exception of a few of the Greek settlements—have colonists gone from their home with so much intellectual baggage. It is true that the literary product of the period was narrow and meagre if judged by comparison with the great names of contemporary England; but if compared with the common run of publications in the mother country—and this is the only proper standard—it will meet the test very well. More important is the fact that the general intelligence of the Colonists was an excellent foundation for future achievement.

Literary Culture in Early New England, 1620-1730. By Thomas Goddard Wright. Edited by his Wife. Yale University Press.

MR. TAFT ON MODERN SCULPTURE

By John Gregory

IN "Modern Tendencies in Sculpture", a record of six lectures delivered at the Art Institute of Chicago on the Scammon Foundation, Mr. Taft gives us a masterly survey of the product and activity of the sculpture world of the last decade, and brilliantly presents all the 'isms, grave and gay, which beset the sculptor of this age. Sculpture, of all the arts, is the most rigid (its plasticity is confined to its medium); no new discoveries can

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modify its technique; and the sculptor who attempts to be "Modern", generally only succeeds by retrogression in the excellence of his craftsmanship. The works illustrated cover a wide field, ranging from the infantile to the over-scholarly, and though the author guides us patiently through the bewildering array of fervent expression, pausing significantly here and there before a frank and dignified work, he dictates no standards and leaves us to draw our own conclusions.

Modern sculpture is perhaps the most esoteric of the arts, inviting no public approval and following no fashion. It assumes the rôle of oracle rather than that of mirror, it thunders its pronouncements in numberless languages and blazes its way in all directions, there are no end of cults and more of non-comformists. This state of affairs may account for the diffidence of the public and the dilemma of the critic.

Mr. Taft is the fairest critic of sculpture today, for he says so little and infers so much. He has a gentle humor and raillery which he puts to account by quoting verbose and grandiloquent appreciations of works of doubtful completeness. He presents an impartial estimate of the greatness and decline of Auguste Rodin, shows the efforts of the French to be modern, the Germans to be grandiose, and how great and lasting works were produced by both nations in spite of this decade of experimentation. On American sculpture he makes a most important contribution. To deal with the production of one's contemporaries is indeed a difficult task and Mr. Taft has succeeded admirably. He presents recent works of every tendency and deals generously with the newest school which is staggering under the millstone labeled "Archaistic". That the future school of American sculpture should be Archaistic or otherwise styled is unbelievable, but the study of these ancient sources of inspiration serves its purpose, and these borrowed methods may well do until the united efforts of determined sculptors establish a set of conventions that are American and suited to our temperament.

Modern Tendencies in Sculpture. By Lorado Taft. University of Chicago Press.

OUTDOOR BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

ONE is inclined to rush—no, to saunter to any of a score of spots on Long Island, the while snapping his fingers at Utopia, when he finishes Charles Hanson Towne's book with the truly descriptive title "Loafing Down Long Island" (Century). If the lazy prose and indolent verse fail to inspire the reader to follow Mr. Towne's haphazard trail, Thomas Fogarty's thirty illustrations probably will. The two combined make the 212 pages turn all too quickly, no matter how much one lingers over them. Maybe it is that the island is too small. They should—both of them—loaf up and down the whole United States.

T. M. Longstreth in "Reading the Weather" (Macmillan)—the science of the United States Weather Bureau

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presented simply in a volume fitting both the camper's need and pocket—laughs at climatic prognostication founded upon the proverbs of the oldest settler and explains the rationalism of what have been considered the eccentricities of the weather. By studying this book, every man can become his own Noah.

"Vacation Tramps in New England Highlands" by Allen Chamberlain (Houghton Mifflin) is a very efficient stimulant of the appetite for the outdoors. Copiously illustrated with excellent photographs and maps, it combines quite delightful travelogue-chatter with very practical advice regarding the regions to be traversed. Not only are the physical features of the country discussed, but sometimes also the character of the inhabitants from whom the hiker will occasionally desire hospitality. Trips ranging from a day to two weeks in duration are temptingly placed before the reader's eye. On irksome working days the delights set forth here are of almost painful desirability.

Dr. Frank M. Johnson in his pleasant little book "Reminiscent Tales of a Humble Angler" (Stewart Kidd) tells of mighty catches and adventures with the rod. Incidentally the cup that cheers plays an important, if not an absolutely essential part, in his narrative. Once let a mere mortal land a six pound black bass on a light rod and he is lost, wife and children, honor and success, fading into mere background. Perhaps one explanation of the sport's fascination is the singular combination of the contemplative and active which it affords. There are long minutes of high thinking and then short moments of furious activity as exciting as big game hunting or polo. These reminiscences will prove provocative reading while the angler rests in camp after a successful day.

Motorists will find much helpful information in "The Motor Camping Book" by Elon Jessup (Putnam). There are as many methods of camping as there are varieties in Mr. Heinz's list, and Mr. Jessup describes them all in detail, from the bough bed beside the car to the palatial motor trailer with its full camping equipment. The illustrations tempt one to pack up and set out at once.

William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park, in "Wild Life Conservation in Theory and Practice" (Yale) has a solid sermon full of convincing statistics and argument that should steal from the wastrel hunter the joy of spoilation but which should interest anyone concerned with wild animals or birds in an economic, dietetic, sentimental, or sporting way.

Nature, mingled with human nature, is the consistency of "Along New England Roads" by W. C. Prime (Harper). It is an old book but, like the roads, loses none of its beauty despite all its wear. For flavor try chapter XIII, "Boys with Stand-Up Collars".

An entertaining companion for a tourist is "Highways and Byways of Florida" by Clifton Johnson (Macmillan). Many incidents and many photographs are crowded into this travelogue, which does credit to the sunny state. Mr. Johnson is not content to let his tourist merely tour and read but urges him to unconventional adventure.

The "Handbook of the Yosemite Na-

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tional Park" (Putnam) is a book of seventeen articles collected by Ansel F. Hall explaining the attractions of this vacation ground for scientist, camper, motorist, and historian. Most of it is a bit heavy with scientific data, and in this respect differs from the usual California Chamber of Commerce publicity.

The collected essays of Francis E. Clark, churchman and editor, look askance at city life. "The Gospel of Out of Doors" (Association) is enthusiastic over that part of the physical world we call nature. The tone of this pocket-sized volume is correctly described by the publishers as "gentle, kindly".

Facts about the game lands of the Rocky Mountain region are presented in the narrative style of Dillon Wallace's "Saddle and Camp in the Rockies" (Outing). The author made his survey in 1910, since when conditions may have changed, slightly or greatly. However, the work is a good sourcebook of local color.

For those who can find relief from the smoke and steel of the city in an elaborate, oil-painted evocation of the rarified springtime-primrose atmosphere of New England we recommend Winthrop Packard's amusing, but rather incoherent rambles along "Old Plymouth Trails" (Small, Maynard). Here are generous sprinklings of honey-sweet verse, culled from innocuous and respectable sources, of piquant Latin botanical terms, of very "fine" writing about sighing pines and midsummer moonshine, and of rather good humorous local legends ("Jotham"-stories). In spite of a few rare touches of manly vigor—when, for instance, the author sturdily foots it across Cape Cod or visits Nantucket in April—and in spite of all his efforts to get a real tang of the North-Atlantic salt breeze into his book, he usually achieves only the heady scent of sweet lavender. One soon wearies of the mayflowers, "peeping through the leaves like sweet little Pilgrim children, ready to draw back behind their mothers' aprons if they do not like the appearance of the coming stranger".

Harold Whiting Slauson's "First Aid to the Car" (Harper), a little book which can be slipped into the side door pocket or into the coat pocket, is really what the title indicates—first aid to the motorist when he has car troubles along the road. It is written in simple terms and the arrangement of the material is admirable.

A compact, practical, and well-written handbook on the art of walking is Bayard H. Christy's "Going Afoot" (Association). Written very simply, but in a great glow of enthusiasm, by a Pittsburg attorney who walked forty miles on his fortieth birthday, it wastes no time in preliminaries, but gets directly to the how, when, and where of the organized tramping party. There are chapters on the great walking clubs of America, a section on walking at night contributed by Dr. John H. Finley, and generous quotations from Thoreau. Despite its small size, the book contains everything for the serious pedestrian to know, from advice as to what kinds of socks and suspenders to wear to suggestions for reading, where we note with satisfaction that the Bible is given honorable mention, together with "The Three Musketeers" and "The Golden Treasury".

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Helen W. Henderson's "A Loiterer in New England" (Doran) is rich in historical background and geographical detail. It recalls the charm spots of Massachusetts to readers who have visited them and whets the desire of those who have not. The book abounds in delectable illustrations.

"In all my life I've never met a golfer on his game." So sings Grantland Rice in "Lyrics of the Links", compiled by Henry Litchfield West (Macmillan). This amusing golf anthology contains verses by Andrew Lang, Ring Lardner, Clinton Scollard, and many other clever enthusiasts.

"In Vacation America" by Harrison Rhodes (Harper) is a pleasant and glorified guidebook. It is designed to arouse an interest in America's vacation resorts now that European travel is beset with difficulties. The author in a chatty, humorous way reviews the springs and mountains, dwelling lightly on their historical significance and suggesting their special charm. The book, covering such a large area, is too slim to be wholly adequate. Those of us who have our favorite resorts are apt to feel they have been neglected. We resent space given to Atlantic City at the expense of Maine with its sea challenging the sky in color and its air like old wine. Why, indeed, go to the Mediterranean,—or to Atlantic City?

In this hectic age, even the inveterate tramper will sometimes be surprised to find himself clutching with something like a passionate gesture at the speed and excitement of motoring, even when it is mingled with the dirt, grease, and garage-mechanic-profanity that are its inevitable accompaniments. "Automobile Operation" by A. L. Brennan, Jr. (Outing) should, as its introduction modestly points out, "prove of immense value, not only to amateurs, but to professional motorists as well". Remembering the manifold distresses and despairs that embittered our first experiences as a driver, we are inclined to be just a bit sceptical about the efficacy of any printed advice on this complicated matter. Here, however, the layman will find as clear an exposition of the mysteries of the carburetor and the cam-shaft as he is likely to find anywhere outside his own experience.

The "distinguished foreign visitor" to our country almost invariably laments our artistic barrenness as compared to Europe. This may be largely due to the fact that the local Chambers of Commerce dominate his welcome. Factories, banks, all signs of material wealth, are shoved under his nose, and he returns home firmly convinced that America is unbelievably rich and unbelievably lacking in the finer graces of civilization. One of the best refutations of the latter belief is the charm and beauty of our colonial houses, many of them preserved with great care and most of them, at the present time, copied by architects. "In Old Pennsylvania Towns" by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton (Lippincott) is a very readable account of towns where old houses are to be found in abundance. Their dignity of line and simple beauty fit perfectly into the gracious landscape of rolling hills and gorgeously spreading trees. There are excellent illustrations and an index to aid the more than casual reader.

To a subject of supreme impressiveness and variety Robert Sterling Yard, in "The Book of the National Parks"

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(Scribner), brings the equipment of Chief of the Educational Division, National Park Service, Department of the Interior: bold, sweeping powers of scientific and artistic imagination; the sportsman's keen mettle and relish; and the ardent doctrine that the "intellectual pleasure of comprehension" must supplement "love of beauty spiced by wonder" in the appreciation of scenery. His plan is simple and logical: a general note on scenery and its science, with a rapid survey of the national park system as a whole, followed by a division of the field into three sections corresponding to the three divisions of rock, with an interchapter on each division, and a fourth section covering the scenery of the southwest. For those who desire an untechnical introduction to the lessons of nature in her greatest classrooms and museums, or a hearty invitation to her pleasures on her greatest playgrounds, Mr. Yard's volume, smoothly blending the historic, geographic, descriptive, interpretative, and guide functions, carries the conviction of authority and inspiration.

For roughing it with smoothness, on both light and heavy travel, Horace Kephart's "Camping and Woodcraft" (Macmillan) is a comprehensive, convenient pocket manual, which has already stood the test of seven editions in ten years. In general, with occasional overlapping, the first volume deals with the science, and the second with the art, of living outdoors. Clear, expert instructions in the standard materials and methods of outfitting, camp-making, fire-building, cookery; the fine points in the use of compass, rifle, axe, and knife; and the "shifts and expedients" of getting along without these when reduced to extremities of self-guidance and self-preservation in the wilderness—this is what the amateur may expect to learn from the veteran author of "Our Southern Highlanders". At the same time he manages to entertain with a humorous personal touch, imparting quaint bits of wisdom and lore.

Another handsome addition to the Page "See America First" Series (proud cousins of the famous "Spells") is "A Wonderland of the East, Comprising the Mountain and Lake Region of New England and Eastern New York". In his quiet, ruminative account of more or less sentimental journeys by motor amid the most beautiful scenery east of the Rockies, Professor William Copeman Kitchin displays no strikingly original or vivid qualities but honest appreciation and reverence. His chief aim is to emphasize the scenic unity of six states, which it must be admitted he accomplishes to the point of monotony (notwithstanding the inconvenience caused the reader by the absence of a complete map of the region.) As a guide book his volume is fairly picturesque and lively in atmosphere, and its serviceableness to the motor tourist is enhanced by a supplement of running logs and side trips. But with less idealization and conventionality and closer visualization of his subject, more people and incident to fill his places, more of the living present to supplement the dead past, he might have made a series of full-bodied, absorbing pictures out of his sketches, and satisfied a larger class of readers. As it is, he can hardly be said to have obeyed fully his own prime injunction to motorists: "Take time to see things!"

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in June in the public libraries in the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3.	The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
4.	The Sisters-in-Law	*Gertrude Atherton*	STOKES
5.	Sister Sue	*Eleanor H. Porter*	HOUGHTON
6.	Moon-Calf	*Floyd Dell*	KNOPF

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
3.	The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
4.	Alice Adams	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
5.	The Sisters-in-Law	*Gertrude Atherton*	STOKES
6.	Miss Lulu Bett	*Zona Gale*	APPLETON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
3.	The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4.	Moon-Calf	*Floyd Dell*	KNOPF
5.	Miss Lulu Bett	*Zona Gale*	APPLETON
6.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
3.	The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4.	Potterism	*Rose Macaulay*	BONI
5.	The Sisters-in-Law	*Gertrude Atherton*	STOKES
6.	Moon-Calf	*Floyd Dell*	KNOPF

WESTERN STATES

1.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
3.	Moon-Calf	*Floyd Dell*	KNOPF
4.	The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
5.	Miss Lulu Bett	*Zona Gale*	APPLETON
6.	The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
3.	The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
5.	The Sisters-in-Law	*Gertrude Atherton*	STOKES
6.	Moon-Calf	*Floyd Dell*	KNOPF

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIA ION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
3.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
4.	Mystic Isles of the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
5.	The Peace Negotiations	*Robert Lansing*	HOUGHTON
6.	The Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
3.	Mystic Isles of the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
4.	The Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
5.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
6.	The Peace Negotiations	*Robert Lansing*	HOUGHTON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
3.	The Peace Negotiations	*Robert Lansing*	HOUGHTON
4.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
5.	Mystic Isles of the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
6.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
3.	Mystic Isles of the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
4.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
5.	The Peace Negotiations	*Robert Lansing*	HOUGHTON
6.	The Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM

WESTERN STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
3.	The Peace Negotiations	*Robert Lansing*	HOUGHTON
4.	Mystic Isles of the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
5.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
6.	Steeplejack	*James Gibbons Huneker*	SCRIBNER

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
3.	Mystic Isles of the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
4.	The Peace Negotiations	*Robert Lansing*	HOUGHTON
5.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
6.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

What Makes a Translation?

SOME time ago Helene Scheu-Riesz translated Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" into German. A second edition of this work has just appeared. Undismayed by what has already been done, Hans Wolfgang von Herwarth now publishes his translation of the same sonnets. And simultaneous with the appearance of these two works is Max Hayek's translation of Walt Whitman's "Song of Myself".

This is seemingly a heterodox text for a midsummer sermon. That the Germans have translated everything and the best more than once, is an "obvious platitude". Elizabeth Barrett Browning's sonnets are read today only under academic duress or as a matter of unjustified display. And Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" are not nearly so popular as might be inferred from some of the ill-built verses that momentarily find favor with editors.

But it is peculiar about sermons. The Duke in "As You Like It" found them in stones just as he found books in running brooks. Shakespeare used in this connection a mixed figure of a toad and adversity. It is consequently quite probable that what he really meant was that you find sermons in books and stones in running brooks. At least this is what the majority do, and it takes courage to stand off from the crowd. Charmian London says that not even Jack liked to do it.

In truth these three volumes constitute an exceedingly apposite text; for it is high time that we made up our minds about translations. It is time that we came to see what rôle they are playing. For unless all that has been done and undone during the last three years at Paris and the more renowned European watering places in which Allied statesmen have belabored the idea of a concert of nations—unless all this is a fraud, translations are going to play an infinitely greater rôle in the future.

England, long noted for her unwillingness to become interested in foreign literatures, now refers, with pride, to T. Fisher Unwin as "an international publisher" because on his list of new books there are some thirty-odd translations from about half that number of different countries. It is the same with France, only to an intensified degree. When some twenty years ago we began, quite cautiously, to translate, or import translations of, Ibsen and Strindberg, we congratulated ourselves on our cosmopolitan interests. Today a Scandinavian translation is a common occurrence. Even Iceland is welcomed to our stage or reading rooms. And make no mistake: this interest in the literatures of other countries will be strengthened, not weakened, by the foreign-language press.

What makes a translation good, that is, good in the eyes of the reader? For he is the employer; the translator is merely the employee. What he thinks of his work is not of vital concern.

Writing under the caption of "The Art of Translation" in the June number of "The Forum", Frederic Harrison says:

> It is of supreme importance to maintain the

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true laws of translation. And the chief of these laws are: one, exact rendering of the full meaning; two, some echo of the original form; three, clarity, vigor and grace.

Any value that attaches to this dictum is due solely to the moral authority of its venerable and distinguished author. As a cold statement apart from its source it does no more than show that translations are now of sufficient public interest to make an editor feel that an article on them would be timely. What would Mr. Harrison think of a man who solemnly proposed that translations should not be inaccurate, inexact, obscure, clumsy, and jejune? Yet this is precisely what and all he has said.

Granting the full truth of Mr. Harrison's thesis and applying it to a given translation, whether the translation will be considered good depends to a degree upon the reader's lack of familiarity with the original. Let him have the original firmly fixed in his mind and he will find the best of translations inadequate if not positively annoying. And herein lies the gist of this whole business of translating. Prose at least has never been written that cannot be translated—but not as the author wrote it.

Walt Whitman is a case in point par excellence. Take this line from the "Song of Myself":

The blab of the pave, tires of carts, sluff of boot-soles, talk of the promenaders.

Here is the German:

Des Pflasters Schwatz, Radreifen der Wagen, Geschürf von Stiefelsohlen, Spaziergänger-Plaudern.

Hayek's rendering of the last three of Walt Whitman's yawps will pass. But what could he do with the very first, provided the reader is familiar with "blab of the pave"? For *blab*, *Schwatz* is quite satisfactory. *Pave* in the sense of sidewalk or pavement never having been used by any English-speaking individual except Walt Whitman, however, the translator was forced to fall back on the regular German word for sidewalk—to the irritation of an English reader who somehow feels that there is a certain Harrisonian clarity and vigor and even grace in the Long Islander's odd language.

But for Germans who do not know Whitman, Hayek's rendering is excellent all through. On the other hand, Mr. Harrison feels that "Coleridge's version of 'Wallenstein' is better reading than Schiller's German." Having read Schiller's "Wallenstein" at least twenty-five times in the original I feel that Coleridge's translation is inferior to it. And I neither hope nor care ever to feel any other way about it.

It is universally conceded that one of the world's greatest translations is the Schlegel-Tieck Shakespeare, done over a century ago. At the time, Wilhelm Schlegel and Ludwig Tieck spoke a very imperfect English, but they knew it thoroughly as philologists, and they were masters of style in their native tongue. Hence the rendering is one of the justified prides of intellectual and literary Germany.

There is an invaluable lesson in this for us. When we first began to translate foreign works of pure literature we, or our publishers, proceeded on the assumption that if, say, a Swedish drama were to be translated, the individual to do it would be a Swedish-American, for he would of course know the Swedish idiom. For us however the important idiom is the English, and no head has ever yet been found, outside of barbers and waiters, big enough to contain a duplicate set of linguistic idioms.

Frederic Harrison is entirely right in his description of a really good translation. But he failed to state the

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premises for such a piece of work. They are: absolute control by the translator of his mother tongue, and complete technical or grammatical familiarity with the language which he essays to translate.

There is reassuring evidence that we are slowly coming to this point of view. When we shall have arrived, our literature will be immensely benefitted. Knut Hamsun said to me in 1917:

> I don't read Norwegian literature. I read the Norwegian papers to keep in touch with life, good poetry to keep my soul in tune, and translations of foreign literatures for the spiritual enrichment which I can get in no other way.

That is the point. It is absurd to believe that we need all these translations because we are suffering from a shortage of reading matter. There are chain drug stores that have enough books on hand to keep us from being bored for decades. But we need the new, the foreign, the exotic, if our souls are not to become parched. There are, for example, American novelists who can write a more captivating novel than Gunnar Gunnarsson's "Sworn Brothers" (Knopf) but none who could avail themselves of the same Icelandic background. To read it is like being struck in the face on a sultry day with a breeze fresh from the glaciated mountains of the Viking north. It is a new theme elaborated in a new tone and to read it is to become spiritually enriched.

And how the Germans can benefit at present from these two translations! Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Walt Whitman were contemporaries. She published her "Sonnets from the Portuguese" in 1850, he his "Leaves of Grass" in 1855. She, classically schooled, descended from "a good family", afflicted with many ills, on the point of giving up, was seized by the hand of a great strong man, led back to life and overshowered with happiness. She confesses in these sonnets. He—was Walt Whitman of Long Island, a collarless rustic who had a message to deliver concerning democracy. In delivering it he too confessed. The Germans have always liked confessions and are especially busied with them just now.

It is the strangeness of a translation that makes it valuable—provided the translator's inborn control of his native language and his grammatical familiarity with the language he is translating (ability to "speak" it is not at all necessary) have enabled him to make it good.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

Books and Writers in New Germany

ONE of the most brilliant and most frequently produced among the dramatists of the younger school is Georg Kaiser, inventor of a new stage technique and tireless experimenter in stagecraft. Almost every one of his powerful plays, with their terse, staccato dialogue, is an attempt at a new style, a new intensified expression. A man of mind, rather than a man of heart, he frequently treats of ideals, as in his remarkable play "Gas" recently played at the People's Theatre. This play begins with a terrific explosion whose effects convulse the industry of the world; it then reveals the struggle between the philanthropic millionaire owner of the works who wishes to save his men from the perils of a mechanical civilization, and his own chief engineer who is possessed with a sacrificial determination to carry on the deadly work, since the gas is necessary for the manufactures of the world.

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This original figure, Georg Kaiser, has provided literary Germany with a tremendous thrill by subjecting himself to a charge of common theft, from his own friends, moreover. He and his wife pawned carpets and other valuables in a furnished flat in which they were living. Kaiser's speech from the dock was a psychological curiosity. He explained his act as a perfectly legitimate attempt to provide himself with the funds necessary to enable him to live in luxury, since only in luxury could he create. The fact that his work should continue to be done was more important to the world than quibbles about private property. This sublime conceit was successful to the extent that the romantic embezzler was sentenced to only a year's imprisonment, and forced to spend only two months actually in prison, the rest of the sentence being remitted unless he should repeat the offense. This is a remarkable German law, a really praiseworthy attempt to satisfy moral claims and at the same time give another chance to first offenders who have particularly weighty excuses for the offense against the law. Kaiser's excuse, reduced to its elements, was simply "the artistic temperament". He was as extravagant as he was successful, and there are even enthusiastic individualists who try to defend his point of view.

Berlin publishers of belles lettres have a most commendable habit of giving recital evenings at which the works of the young poets and writers whom they publish are read by accomplished reciters or by the authors themselves to the audience, which thus comes into living touch with the young writer. Established authors of deep literary fame, such as Theodor Däubler, the fiery German-Italian poet, are also heard at such recitals. Recent recitals have been given by Albert Ehrenstein, a dreamy, introspective poet of the younger school, whose expressionism, his defiance of old-fashioned form, becomes in the end a form of romanticism, and Alfred Döblin, regarded as one of the most significant of the younger men. Döblin's characterization has something of the dæmonic, something of the grotesque. He is an essentially original figure. Oskar Loerke, one of the most purely lyric, tender, and musical of the new poets, a singer who will undoubtedly be heard of in the future, has also been giving readings.

Another personality of brilliant parts conceals his identity behind the feminine-sounding pseudonym of "Mynona" which is, however, nothing but a reversal of the German word for anonymous. "Mynona" reads his grotesque work. He has a powerful, weird imagination and can raise a shudder in his hearers—a kind of modern Edgar Allan Poe. But he has also a flashing humor and a delightful mockery with which he lashes the absurdities of his age. He rises at times to heights of real tragedy and cosmic conception.

A good biography of Frank Wedekind, that strange, unhealthy genius, that incomplete soul who was something of a romanticist, something of a philosopher, something of a pure litterateur and a circus impresario, but nothing thoroughly, has just been written by Paul Fechter. The biographer errs on the side of enthusiasm when he compares his hero to Hauptmann and Ibsen, to the disadvantage of both. Wedekind, after suffering practically neglect during his lifetime, has since his death undergone a sudden wave of popularity, and many stages all over Germany have been playing his singular, neurotic plays.

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This is probably to be attributed less to a sudden recognition of Wedekind's intrinsic merit as a fierce satirist, than to the extremely erotic content of his plays—usually in some hysterical or perverse sense. In one of them, "Pandora's Box", even "Jack the Ripper" appears. This popularity tallies with the hysterical demand for erotic dramatic fare which conditions after the war have aroused here and which, rather than recognition of intrinsic genius, also accounts for Strindberg's popularity. Not his large dreaminess nor his idealistic tendencies, but his incidental preoccupation with the hate complex between man and woman, is the real reason for Strindberg's exaggerated popularity of late years, simultaneous with a distinct decrease in the popularity of Ibsen and a tendency to carp at and criticize his genius. It is no doubt as a reaction from this surfeit of sex problems that Shaw, the most sexless of successful dramatists, is dominating the Berlin theatres with one play after another.

A recent writer on Wedekind points out that the whole tendency of the war has been to negative the importance of such writers as Wedekind, morbidly concerning themselves with the sex problems of an over-cultivated and therefore decadent society. The new stars in the firmament, such men as Reinhard Goering, poet and dramatist, Franz Werfel, poet, Leonhard Frank, novelist, have returned to cleaner and more philosophic paths.

Herman Kasack, himself a lyric poet, has unearthed some new poems by Hölderlin, that tender and classic lyrist who has come so strongly into his own in Germany of late years. Hölderlin died insane, with lucid intervals, and as the newly found poems are, according to the introduction, "out of Hölderlin's last phase of creation", they may also prove to be psychologically most interesting.

In the bitter days of the last despair, when the brass knocker was torn from the citizen's door and the copper roof from his town hall, they fetched the heavy old bronze bells from many a little village to melt into parts for a new death-spitting cannon. Now these cannons, having gone once more into the melting pot, are beginning to wander as bells back into the churches again. Erich Vogeler, the famous pacifist poet and painter, has written a little prose masterpiece on the return of the bells from their bloody journey. I quote a few impassioned words:

> But perhaps such a bell, which has been dragged through murder and blood, is not only able to mourn the dead with a truer note, but above all, with warmer, deeper fervor to call the living to life, to the happiness of being: and perhaps, perhaps, the bell with its earnest tongue will really be able to shatter the lightnings which ever and always shake and shiver out of the lowering clouds which gather and always gather anew out of the exhalations of the earth.

One does not know from what spiritual reservoir Professor Vogeler draws the courage for such hope, but one is glad that idealists exist who hold the key to such great storehouses of idealism. Idealism is an article of export for which Germany will always have sufficient raw material.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

Fannie Hurst has decided not to go to Europe and has taken a house in Westchester County instead! This is partly due to the fact that she suddenly finds herself with three plays about to go into rehearsal. At least one must long since have been in rehearsal by now. When we heard that Miss Hurst had written a novel, it did not so greatly surprise us. Perhaps it might not have surprised us when we heard about the plays, if we had stopped to remember how extremely dramatic the lady is. We were due to call on her one afternoon, not long ago, when Hamilton Hadley, former captain in the Air Service, now law student at Yale, and son of Arthur Twining Hadley, arrived to see us—so we took him by the coat collar, bundled him into a taxi, and we soon found ourselves on the wide couch of the library of Miss Hurst's apartment. There was a delightful Pekingese with which to play—and then—Miss Hurst. Mr. Hadley's charms were such that it was difficult for us to turn the conversation to the subject of plays; but literature is literature even when a charming lady, seated in a high-backed Italian chair, is concerned, and finally we managed to twist the conversation into the semblance of an interview and find out a little about Miss Hurst's dramatic efforts. The first play to be produced, and the first which she wrote, is a dramatization of her own story "Back Pay". Her accounts of how she happened to write it are most amusing. A collaborator came along who insisted that it would make a good play; but before work had progressed very far, it became apparent that collaboration for Miss Hurst was not in any remote sense possible. "That isn't the way I work," she explained—so she finished the play herself. Whereupon it lingered in the office of a manager who was always about to put it on, until finally, in a sudden rush, Miss Hurst took it away from him and placed it in the hands of Al Woods, who gave her a contract which makes her able to choose her own cast and do practically anything with the play which she may choose. "Of course", and she smiled a little ruefully, "you can't tell what may happen when rehearsals start!" Next, along came Laurette Taylor, with the suggestion that Mr. Manners make "Humoresque" into a play, to which Miss Hurst replied, "But I'd rather do it myself!" or words to that effect. So she did! Then, not long ago, between short stories, Miss Hurst felt play-like. She looked about for something on which to work, chose her story "Roulette", shut herself up for a couple of weeks, and turned out the third of the plays. For the summer months, she tells us, in addition to rehearsing "Back Pay", she will write her usual quota of short stories. "A delightful woman!" said Captain Hadley. "I like her." And we could but agree. "I must read her books!"—This, from the quiet student of philosophy, Greek, and law.

What's in a personality!

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Alfred Noyes has long been silent—that is, comparatively so. We, personally, have thought most of his recent work twaddle and bosh, while we can remember the thrill that went up our then seventeen-year-old spine when we heard him read "The Highwayman", in that swinging gurgling voice of his. It is a relief, therefore, to hear that he is now working on a poem which his friends say is even better than those in his earlier manner. It is to be a much more ambitious effort than either "Drake" or "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern". "It may take years to finish the work," his publishers tell us, "but it divides itself naturally into sections and will be published in separate volumes." How convenient! "Mr. Noyes", they proceed in the best publisher manner, "prefers not to disclose the subject of the work, but he feels it is one in which the modern world, especially the America of today, is more interested than any other!" Gosh! What can it be? Prohibition?

Not long since, it was our privilege to hear Mrs. Edgar Speyer play the violin. We knew the poetry of Leonora Speyer, we knew her as an amazingly original hostess; but we had not realized, until after much begging on the part of Mrs. Wylie (yes, Elinor Wylie, whose first book of poems is to be published in the fall), that Lady Speyer was so accomplished a musician. She stood in the centre of a room which seemed miles long, her daughter played the accompaniments, and we heard Bach, Schumann, Beethoven, and Mozart through an afternoon which will not soon be forgotten. We suppose that it is not proper to mention the fact, but she was most strikingly clothed in a soft scarlet dress, jade pendant. We find scarlet and jade an excellent combination, and although our fashion editor, whom we have consulted, declines to recommend it, we still stick to our original masculine intuition. It's a good combination. Other ladies present were Miss Rittenhouse, whose new book of lyrics "The Lifted Cup" is on the fall lists, Berenice Lesbia Kenyon, a fair editress of "Scribner's" and a poetess of growing renown, and Amanda Benjamain Hall, whose verse is well known to all readers of the magazines. There were gentlemen there—but we forget. It is impossible to remember everything—and Lady Speyer's music was a thing to cast a spell over the occasion.

In "The Silent Worker", a most attractive magazine edited for the deaf, and published in Trenton, New Jersey, there is much good writing and many good pictures, with advice and cheer both for those who cannot hear and those who cannot speak. We like particularly an article on "Music for the Deaf". In considering, gayly enough, the fact that the real enjoyment of symphonies and opera is denied the hard-of-hearing, the writer says:

> We beg to call your attention to, not a substitute for music but music's own twin, poetry. Music is essential, is necessary. It is the voice of love. It is the expression of our age-old craving for the beautiful, the spiritual. We desire it poignantly. We find its expression in jazz records or at the concert. We deaf may find it only in poetry.

An historical novel called "At the Gates of Empire" by Lyle Saxon, a brilliant young journalist of New Orleans, is appearing serially in the "Times-Picayune", the morning daily of that city. Mr. Saxon, still in his twenties, has already won a distinctive place in southern journalism. During the last municipal campaign in New Orleans he helped to "smash the Ring" by his fearless sequence of sensational

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articles headed "Nights in New Orleans", which proved most effective reform propaganda. During a year's residence in Chicago, he wrote a clever column of verse for the "Tribune" and had a play, "Peacocks", produced at the Little Theatre there. However, the play had a very short run. And when the Chicago reporters crowded about the youthful dramatist to get his views about the play's withdrawal, he only said, with a boyish grin, "Just say that the author is too prostrated to give out a statement." "At the Gates of Empire" will soon be issued in book form; and it will add the young author's name to the list of Louisiana's distinguished writers.

ON A CRITIC TURNED NOVELIST

Here comes a book that will be read
  By bruiséd reeds that look
To see the doctor brought to bed,
  The critic brought to book.

ON A NOVELIST TURNED SIXTY

Her age she never has revealed,
  But, as the rings the tree,
Her sixty novels, signed and spieled,
  Show her chronology.

—*Keith Preston*

Lloyd Osbourne, Stevenson's stepson, is in town. We saw him indistinctly at a certain lunch club the other day. We were determined to meet him; but he entered, looked at the food, decided he didn't like it, and left! However, that may have been expediency rather than temperament. Hendrik Van Loon, the gentleman who makes such delightful children's books, told us an interesting story of Osbourne the other day. Dwight Franklin (whose studio, filled with tiny niches in which statuettes of Stevensonian characters are grouped in realistic scenes, is a joy to any lover of pirates and romance) had made a small image of Stevenson as he would have looked at Saranac Lake. Photographs had been made of this, and the results were startlingly lifelike. Van Loon showed one of these photographs to Lloyd Osbourne without comment. Osbourne immediately became excited. "But who could have taken it?" he demanded. "I was with him practically all of the time—and I don't see who was there to take such a picture." This speaks rather well for Mr. Franklin's statuette, don't you think? The original has been placed in a sunken alcove of the residence of a great lover of Stevenson's writing.

The May magazines offered small opportunity for choice in poetry. There was "The Middle Years" by Arthur Davison Ficke (North American Review), "The Open Window" by Conrad Aiken (Century), "Modernities" by Edwin Arlington Robinson (Dial), "Charmian's Song" by Aline Kilmer (Poetry), and "Laburnums" by Padraic Colum (Nation).

Margot Asquith's daughter has a method of conversation that is as biting as her mother's pen. Princess Bibesco (Elizabeth Asquith) swept into the Gossip Shop the other afternoon, and everything else was immediately swept aside. (Our fashion editor does not cavil here.) She was wearing black and white, pearls at the neck, thin white veil over the face. Black hair, black eyes, animation, a low nervous laugh—and those epigrams—springing at you from the most unexpected places in the conversation. We were afraid and yet fascinated. We listened, tried to think of something clever to say, couldn't, and listened some more. The Princess is in Washington now with her husband, who is connected with the Rumanian embassy. Her observations of Wash-

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ington society are scarcely less amusing than her stories of English literary personages. We shall be amused to read her autobiography, for it sho' be scarcely less amazing than her mother's. Her short stories are already appearing hither and yon in this country. They are spicy and entertaining, and underneath very nearly every one of them, there is the Asquith bite! Was it of Elizabeth Asquith that someone said, "More books have been dedicated to her than to any other woman in England"? Or are we mixing her with yet another princess?

From Lenoir College, Hickory, North Carolina, comes the news that here again we have a literary centre. J. C. Seegers, the librarian, writes:

> According to the Moore County "News" Moore County, North Carolina, must be a veritable Mecca for writers. Major Harold E. Porter, who writes under the name of Holworthy Hall, is the owner of "Currituck", the old home of former ambassador Page near Pinehurst. Major Porter is planning a trip abroad. Among the writers who spend winters at Southern Pines are listed John Galsworthy, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Vrooman. Dr. E. M. Poate, a popular writer of detective stories, and James Boyd are residents of Moore County, as is H. M. Kohler, whom the "News" calls "a farmer by choice and an author by necessity".

N. P. Dawson, literary critic of the New York "Globe", is Mrs. Dawson, and a very pleasant Mrs. Dawson. We have been reading lately her collection of letters from the front published during the war. "The Good Soldier" is a selection of soldiers' letters, with comments by Mrs. Dawson. It should be one of the enduring books of the period. Mrs. Dawson says that she doesn't in the least mind her readers' constantly believing that she is a man. It sometimes gives rise to most amusing complications. When Julian Street published his "Paris à la Carte", Mrs. Dawson wrote a note in which she claimed to recognize a particular café recommended by Street but not mentioned by name. Whereupon Mrs. Dawson received a charming epistle, reading something like this: "Since you show such an intimate knowledge of Paris, and since you have been so kind, I thought it would be amusing to recommend some of the places that I found entertaining but really couldn't include in my book, you know. This, sir, is in case you are returning to Paris." The recommendations were scarcely those one would make to a lady. However, Mrs. Dawson tells the story with huge enjoyment, and I'm sure that Mr. Street's embarrassment, if he had any, must long since have faded away.

We saw a whole lot of 'em scooting down into the Long Island part of the Pennsylvania station and so knew that we were not too late. Authors, editors and other sorts of in-the-book-business people, we mean. Fellow at the gate who had only an ordinary railroad ticket to Garden City was thrown out by the gateman. Rest of us got on the special train for the annual peony garden party given by Doubleday, Page and Company at their Country Life Press. Much chattering on the way. Doubleday staff out in force as hosts, led by Frank N. Doubleday, apparently having more fun than anybody. Very picturesque scene: long, low Tudor pile containing offices and whirring presses set in vast grounds, our old friend the Italian pool at one side and our old friend the noble sun dial at the other. Evergreen garden, and peonies in hundreds of varieties in full bloom, a collection gathered by the American Peony Society. Colorful picture, the ladies' costumes. You eat sandwiches, straw-

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berries, and cakes and drink fruit punch, watch a game of bowling on the green, and when you leave (if you are feminine) you are presented with an enormously long cardboard box of peonies. George Whitworth, buyer for Scribner's, we are willing to testify, ate the most. Whether or not the side on which Christopher Morley played won the bowling match nobody could tell. There was to be another match between Fannie Hurst and Dana Gatlin, but there was not time for it. Don Marquis, taking his first long drive out from Brooklyn in his new car, arrived just as the party was breaking up. Though Arthur Bartlett Maurice wore the broadest smile present, everybody seemed to have a good time.

Donn Byrne is writing another serial story. He has shut himself up in his house at Riverside, Connecticut, with his dogs, his children, his wife, and his secretary, and will write until it is finished. We suspect him, however, of taking an occasional whirl across the Sound in his sailboat, of playing more than an occasional round of golf, and of sneaking off to a race track when no one is looking. However, he probably works most of the time. Just what the new book will be, he wouldn't divulge; but we have seen parts of "Marco Polo", which was the one before this one, and is appearing in "The Century". It's great stuff, we think! He's been wanting to write it, so he says, for many years; but it wasn't until Glenn Frank of the new "Century" came along and said, "Go to it!" that he felt he could afford the time. Mr. Byrne is one of the fortunate few who can sit down, turn off enough short stories to support himself generously for a year—then set himself a sterner task and turn out a piece of work in which he believes artistically. To make a living, to write artistically, and to keep healthy and happy, as does Donn Byrne, is an achievement for which we have the utmost respect and admiration. Ever since we saw Mr. Byrne in his home, were nearly banged into a tree in his car, and didn't play golf with him because we wanted to keep his friendship, we have thought that he is leading one of the happiest lives of which we can think. He is the successful author who does not allow success to rule his output. Fairly unusual, we think.

Answers for our literary questions must be submitted by August twentieth. You must state whether or not it was necessary to look up the reply. Best three replies will receive a book prize. (Any book in "The Editor Recommends".)

1. What English poet wrote lyrics on such diverse animal subjects as the tiger and the lamb?

2. Who was Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's granddaughter, and in what English novel was she introduced?

3. What woman wrote the famous poem about the "Bluestocking Club"; name three of the members of that coterie.

4. What famous detective-story hero was supposed to have ended his career by being thrown from a cliff?

5. Name two famous American newspaper hoaxes; what poet's name was connected with one of them?

6. What English essayist in the year 1712 spoke respectfully of the art of dancing as follows: "For you must know, as trivial as the art is thought to be, no one ever was a good dancer that had not a good understanding." In what periodical did the essay appear?

The three prizes for the answers to literary questions in the June number, go to Susanna A. Matteson of Auburn, Rhode Island; Marion M. Swan of Upper Montclair, New Jersey; and Alys Gordon of East Orange, New Jersey. Thereby successfully proving what we have long since contended,

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that New Jersey is the intellectual centre of America. We spoke once in Hackensack—that's why we're so sure! We're very sorry not to award a prize to Mrs. Keene, who not only is a member of the New Mexico State Senate but has a nice sense of humor. Her answers were in verse. The quality was excellent; but unfortunately, the quantity did not command reward. There was a good sheaf of replies; but not one person answered all the questions.

Here are the July answers:

1. Christopher Morley, in "Songs for a Little House", uses the strange metaphor as follows:

LIGHT VERSE

At night the gas lamps light our street,
Electric bulbs our homes;
The gas is billed in cubic feet,
Electric light in ohms.

But one illumination still
Is brighter far, and sweeter;
It is not figured in a bill,
Nor measured by a meter.

More bright than lights that money buys,
More pleasing to discerners,
The shining lamps of Helen's eyes,
Those lovely double burners!

2. Joseph Andrews, the burlesque hero of Fielding's novel of that title, is perhaps the most determinedly chaste young gentleman in all literature.

3. Lincoln, in the First Inaugural Address, makes the following startling utterance, an utterance which is far less surprising when read with the rest of the document, which clarifies and explains what seems like a most radical statement: "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."

4. An English novel written for the purpose of improving prison conditions is "Little Dorrit" by Charles Dickens; a play, "Justice" by John Galsworthy.

5. Don Marquis in his "Cruise of the Jasper B." perpetrated the absurdity of a tunnel on shore connecting conveniently with the hold of the ship; but the joker in the case is that the ship was a houseboat.

6. That Hedrick in Booth Tarkington's "The Flirt" is the "best portrait of a pestiferous little brother ever painted", is perhaps a matter of opinion. However, 'twas Hedrick we meant; if there are others, we'll be glad to know.

Lee Simonson has developed, without much ostentation, into an arresting figure in our theatre. He succeeds to a remarkable degree, we think, in getting imagination and humor into his stage designs. The interesting thing about him is that he seems to have no prejudices. There seems to be no Simonson theory. Looking back over the series of sets he has designed for the Theatre Guild, this year, one senses an extremely receptive and plastic technique, inspired principally by good taste and common sense. Beauty is in them, but it is the unobtrusive beauty that grows out of the play, in each case, and blends into it. One is almost led to the astonishing conclusion that here is a scenic designer who seeks to express nothing save the spirit of the play he happens to be mounting.

Annie Carroll Moore writes us from Soissons, France. She gives a fascinating account of what spring was like this year along the Chemin des Dames, of libraries, of evenings on Montmartre. She encloses a newspaper account of the opening of the Soissons public library. It "took place just as I sailed", she writes, "but I arrived in time to see how much the people appreciate it. 1,100 have registered already. It will be 1,200 by the time you receive this letter—out of 14,000 population, and they are of all ages and conditions of life." This library, on the American plan, was established through the efforts of the women of the American committee for the dev-

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astated regions of France. Among the speakers at the inaugural ceremony were Dr. W. N. C. Carlton, librarian of the American library at Paris and representative of the American Library Association. That the institution was successfully launched we have no doubt, for the Soissons paper reports that after the various discourses "the ladies of the Committee offered their guests cake and champagne".

The Bass River washes Conrad Aiken's backyard in South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. There we found him scraping the bark off some dead-looking shrubs. Patiently he visits them three times a day, scrapes the bark on some of the branches, and sighs. The soil is composed of pure sand, oyster shells, and barnacles; and the river is full of salt water. But C. A. is full of expectations as far as those very dead-looking twigs are concerned. He told us the name of every variety, but since they had neither flower, leaf nor life, we are unable to say how accurate the description was. When things look particularly bad he hopefully throws a shovelful of ashes on the sand. Of such is the garden existence of a hibernating poet and critic.

We were full of envy when we saw the walls of his attic lined with unpublished manuscript and his cellar full of trunks containing an unexpurgated edition for every poem he has ever published. Oh, that some enterprising publisher....

It was very warm and we didn't want to go back to the Gossip Shop. You don't know how sticky it gets, or perhaps you do—at any rate, we haven't an electric fan, because, said a sarcastic friend, "there are too many papers lying about". Well! Well! We couldn't have manuscripts blowing out the window, could we? As we were saying, it was warm, so we thought we'd make a trip to a couple of book stores. The first one we naturally thought of on a day like this was the out-of-door shop at Abercrombie and Fitch's. A trim, neat, cool little shop it is, with Mary Nebon, quite like her shop. Not only will she show you the best books on travel, camping, fishing, hunting, indoor sports, and outdoor sports; but she will tell you just where you must go if you would catch your favorite variety of bass, where the trout are biting and in what season; and she will bring forth a map of someone's favorite canoe trip, all carefully marked as to dangerous spots in the rivers and where to go and where not to go. In fact, Mrs. Nebon strikes us as an indispensable addition to the acquaintance of an outdoor man. We have seldom felt so thoroughly at home on a hot day as we did in her shop. From there we wandered over to Forty-seventh Street and, picking our way through gardens and flower pots, we found Marion Cutter in her Children's Bookshop. We

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tried to talk with her; but customers came and went with astounding rapidity. One sweet little widow came in with two children, and arranged for a certain number of books each month. One gentleman came looking for the best new boy's book. The children were quickly engrossed in poring over books on the shelves, and while Miss Cutter wasn't looking, I slipped out with the strong determination to return soon again to this spot where there is so much to be learned about what children are reading and what they should read.

We had just said goodby to Archibald Marshall who was starting west for a visit to members of his family who long ago migrated from England to Minnesota. Mr. Marshall was fresh from a visit to the new cloisters of Yale, where he was given the degree of Doctor of Letters. In presenting him, William Lyon Phelps said: "His books are exciting without being sensational, inspiring without being didactic. They give readers the delight of recognition, and make ordinary life interesting. He exposes the stupidity of prejudice and the futility of strife. His novels are a civilizing force."... In five minutes from the time we left the author of "The Hall and the Grange", we were in the jocular presence of the creator of "The Amateur Gentleman". Jeffery Farnol is in this country for a flying visit reporting the Dempsey-Carpentier engagement for the London "Daily Mail". He is so different from the quiet Mr. Marshall that it was like walking from a staid drawing room into a prize-fight arena! When we arrived he was working on a dispatch for London, and between times putting on a collar. Farnol is short, dark, stocky, and quick-moving. With a cap at the right angle, and the proper tailor, he might be taken for a gangster. That, he would consider a compliment. It is so meant. We like gangsters. We know a delightful one. He's in Sing Sing now; but he'll be out soon, and we're looking forward to a reunion at tea some fall afternoon. Mr. Marshall had reminded us of respectable week-ends on Long Island hobnobbing with gentle hostesses and their gentler daughters. But oh, the adventurous Mr. Farnol, lover of fights and romance, who twelve years ago was a scene painter at the Astor Theatre, played cards with Lefty Louis, fought with gangsters, and lived the life of Broadway! A delightful person he is, who rambles on of prize fights, of his daughter, of politics, of England, and of the new novel he is about to write which will return to the manner of "The Broad Highway". "You can always find adventure", he told us, "if you'll look for it. Adventure—and humanity! Why! When I used to be down and out here in town there was always someone to lend me a hand—you know, the foot-on-the-bar crowd—good honest human sympathy, that. Sometimes you didn't even know who it was who loaned you money; but the bar keeper did, and you could give it to him when you got ready. What America needs, anyway, is five hundred men like Roosevelt!"

The author of "The Shadow Show" and "This World of Ours" writes us from Timbuctoo, and as we have just come out from a subway train that can bear no description publishable—a correspondent this morning says, "Is it proposed to introduce the slang of profane rowdies to the readers of your serious articles so that they cannot be read aloud in the home without offending the hearers?" Well, it isn't, so we'll refrain from describing that sub-

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way train. Oh yes! We were speaking of Timbuctoo; we wonder if the heat there is also slowly rendering the population imbecile—like us. Wasn't Timbuctoo noted for insanity? Or was is Kankakee? At any rate, it gave us a real thrill to have a letter from Timbuctoo:

Just a line to salute you from Timbuctoo. The name, by the way, means "She of the large navel", a woman of that qualification having founded the town round about the year 1100. At its back door flowed the Niger, 2,700 miles long, and from the North there converged on it the great caravans from Morocco, Algeria, and Tripoli, so that it became the distributing centre for 3,000 miles around. Five hundred years ago Timbuctoo was also a centre of Mahometan learning, scholars coming from afar. But the ending of the slave trade, and the repeated attacks of the wandering Arabs (the Touaregs) killed the great caravans. Today all that arrive are those carrying bars of salt from the great deposits in the desert 500 miles away. Timbuctoo is fallen from its estate, and is now a town of 8,000 people (a blend of the Negro and the Arab), insignificant, built entirely of mud, lying in the burning desert under a fierce sun. It is under French protection, is entirely peaceful, non-productive, and lives upon a reputation long dead. Two American missionaries visited Timbuctoo recently, but found "nothing doing", and passed on. So far as I know, less than 20 British have been here, first and last; the first was Mungo Park, the last is yours sincerely, with best wishes,

J. HERBERT CURLE

We've been to the movies again. One of their chief fascinations in this weather is the fact that the doors of the silent theatre can remain open during the performance. We saw the screen version of Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy" and liked it. It is a sincere piece of work which preserves faithfully the charm of that moving little tale. Then we attended the opening performance of Rupert Hughes's "The Old Nest". This picture of the devoted mother who brings up a large family of children only to see them disappear one by one from the home, contains neither plot nor thrill, yet it seemed to please the audience. We liked particularly the early scenes, and chuckled over the escapades of the various children. And though the latter half seemed somewhat long drawn out, too uniformly tearful, we found the picture a decided relief from the usual mellow drama. We also saw an advance showing of a new Rex Ingram picture—and met Rex, which is more important, because he is very young, extremely earnest, takes his job of directing oh! so seriously, and turns out good pictures. He's dark, quick, and dresses more like a human being than a moving picture director. Perhaps we noticed it particularly because we went with John Bishop, the accomplished assistant editor of "Vanity Fair". The picture has one of the best mad scenes we've ever seen on stage or screen. It is a dramatization of Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet".

One of our most faithful correspondents is Roy A. Anderson, of Ketchikan, Alaska. We wish that we read THE BOOKMAN as faithfully as does he. This month, he sends us the following note:

We all remember, or at least should remember, Dr. Young's famous books all of which deal with Alaska. Unlike many other writers who take Alaska as a suitable subject, he knows what he is saying. To read his books is to learn of Alaska as it is, not as it has generally been presented to the public at large. Among his writings, which include "Klondike Clan" and "Adventures in Alaska", his "Alaska Days with John Muir" seems to be the most interesting. Unconsciously we *learn* something of that country, although we absorb the pages more as if the book were a novel.

Dr. Young is now in Alaska gathering material for a new book, which, we have all reason to believe, will be more interesting than any he has previously written. Although he came to Alaska in 1878 and remained for ten whole years, and then returned again in 1897, after which he again left the territory, he wishes to have first-hand, up-to-the-minute information and for that reason has returned to Alaska to stay for several months. He first journeyed to Ketchikan, but soon left for

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Wrangell, since the southeastern part of the territory is to be the centre of action.

Through his books Dr. Young is known nationally, yes, even universally, but through his personal characteristics, his kind deeds, his very manner of saying and doing things, he is known throughout Alaska, from Point Barrow to Ketchikan.

Meanwhile we wait expectantly for his new book and we sure hope it will be as good as his earlier writings.

Hector MacQuarrie has translated something of the atmosphere of "Tahiti Days" to Madison, Connecticut, where he has gathered an interesting artistic colony around him. The rustic theatre, in which he has been producing plays, seems to be the centre of all desires and activities. Here they are producing several South Sea plays, plays probably destined for Broadway in the fall. Some of Broadway's most suave performers have been seen carrying their own toothbrushes and blankets in order that they may do a rustic turn in the wilds of Madison.

Dr. William J. Robinson, editor of "The Medical Critic and Guide", recently endorsed Sinclair Lewis's Dr. Will Kennicott as a veracious specimen of a large bulk of the medical profession. It is interesting to know that for years Dr. Robinson has fought against the Kennicott state of mind and has sprinkled the pages of his journal with comments and opinions upon art, philosophy, and economics in a gallant effort to mitigate the evils of closed and incurious minds. His son, Dr. Victor Robinson, now editor of "Medical Life", is pursuing the same policy of enlightenment and includes a department called "After Office Hours" in which Gorham B. Munson, a contributor to "The Freeman" and other literary papers, offers commentary on arts and letters. A third medical publication attacking Kennicottism is "Rational Living", edited by a man of extremely interesting ideas, Dr. B. Liber.

The first time we ever saw John Dos Passos, he was sitting on the floor, with a turban on his head, looking extremely uncomfortable and rather angry. We don't blame him. We were asked, too, to take such a position; and having observed one victim, we firmly refused. Some hostesses are charming but demand too much. For Dos Passos is the son of a well-known New York lawyer, a graduate of Harvard, and a sane young New Yorker. However, that's the way we met. "Three Soldiers", we will not comment on here. It is his first novel. At twenty-four, he has already published one book in England, has a book of essays coming out here in the fall, and a book of poems to follow. His second novel is well under way, and he is journeying to the Near East to gather material for several more volumes, doubtless. That's the life, isn't it? The other day we had a postal from him from Spain, and just yesterday a letter from Paris, in which he informed us that he was making every attempt to escape the lure of Montmartre and proceed to the hazards and dangers of the Orient. We wish that he would come home. We hate to see a perfectly good writer risk his young life in encounters with Bolshevistic Turks. However, we suppose that there must still be romances for the adventurous. We have heard, however, that Chicago is romantic. That's why we're going out there so soon!

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Another Alabama literary letter from Katharine Hopkins Chapman:

Though Birmingham may not be associated in the public mind with literary output, a window of the Studio Bookshop there devoted to volumes by Alabama authors showed several of national note. Of course, Octavus Roy Cohen had a colorful row, headed by "The Crimson Alibi". At the time this young writer and his wife were entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Ryley Cooper, who were passing through Birmingham, probably on their way to some Big Game preserve. At a luncheon given by the Cohens for the Coopers, Mrs. Cohen proved a much better talker than Octavus Roy, who seemed ruminating on his famous lawyer Chew. Mrs. Cohen, by the way, is writing very acceptable short stories. Unlike wives of great men who all remind us—and the editors—of that fact, Mrs. Cohen prefers not to trade upon her husband's popularity. She uses her maiden name, Inez Lopez, which indicates her Spanish ancestry that has filtered through several generations of Charleston culture. She is a petite, vivacious brunette.

When I was in Montgomery early in April its social-literary waters were still eddying from the disporting therein of the author of "This Side of Paradise". Scott Fitzgerald and his wife spent a week or two with her parents, Judge and Mrs. Sayre. To the young people he was simply Zelda Sayre's famous husband—for be it known that Zelda has a personality that not even genuis can dim; to others he was a literary lion to be chased. However, Scott Fitzgerald firmly maintained that the only woman in Montgomery over twenty whom he wished to meet was Mrs. Sayre's cook, and that he would meet her three times any day. And while ordinary calls—or callers—failed to penetrate his concentration upon his writing, the sound of said cook beating biscuit or the tinkle of the dinner bell through a faint aroma of fried chicken and homemade rolls, easily pierced his abstraction. Boys will be boys, even "This Side of Paradise".

Gilbert Fess of the staff of Hillsdale College, sends us the following delightful story:

On a quiet street in the little city of Hillsdale, Michigan, stands an old building that witnessed one of the most spectacular rises to fame in the history of American literature. In it Will Carleton wrote his "Betsy and I Are Out".

This occurred in 1871. Carleton, who had graduated from the local college after a far from distinguished career, was engaged in newspaper work. One afternoon he stepped into the county courtroom while a divorce case was being tried. The old farmer who had started proceedings against his mate was possessed with an unusual sense of fairness, and stoutly insisted that his wife be given her rightful share of the property. Deeply touched by the mingled pathos and comedy of the situation, the young reporter hurried to his home and penned the familiar lines beginning,

"Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsy and I are out."

The fates had spoken. Originally printed in the Toledo "Blade", the poem was copied by newspapers in Detroit and New York, and the poet's fame was assured. In less than a month Carleton saw himself lifted from obscurity to national prominence. His poem was being recited throughout the length and breadth of the land and his name was in every mouth. Commenting on this period of the poet's life, an early resident of the city says, "I can well remember Carleton in the first days of his fame. He walked along the street in a plug hat, straight and unbending, not proud, but tremendously self-conscious."

The house in which the poem was written stands on Manning Street, and is now used as the parsonage of the neighboring Baptist church. Though once gutted by fire, the larger share of the original building remains.

The literary climate of California seldom seems to change; for there is always a bundle of news from Laura Bell Everett. Charles Caldwell Dobie, she tells us, has a new novel on the way, and "The Blood Red Dawn" is soon to become a moving picture, with the fragile Alice Joyce as star. With the Yosemite Valley as a setting, the women's clubs of the state gave a Pageant of California History, written by Gertrude Atherton. Edwin Markham and Melville B. Anderson were entertained by the California Writers' Club. Mr. Markham spent his boyhood in the Sierras, though he was a native of Oregon. In returning to Oakland, he came again to the scene of his labors as principal of one of the public schools. "Teachers here recall", writes Miss Everett, "as one of the most enjoyable of their opportunities the class which Mr. Markham led in the study of the Greek dramatists."

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